



PEOPLE IN MONACO

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 24 Aug. 1960

THE LONDON COLLECTIONS



British engineering  
ingenuity now brings  
*the world's finest*  
*Kitchen Equipment*

within the budget of Mrs. Britain...



Paul craftsmen got together and agreed that many more people ought to be able to glory in possessing the world's finest Kitchen Equipment...

They devised the new Argyll series.

And here it is—in the quality and colours you have waited for—at a price you can now afford. Just £35.10.0.

W. H. PAUL LIMITED • BREASTON • DERBY

Telephone: Draycott 581/2/3

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 7 Royal Arcade, Old Bond St., W.1 Tel: GRO 3394.

**PAUL**



# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3078

24 AUGUST 1960

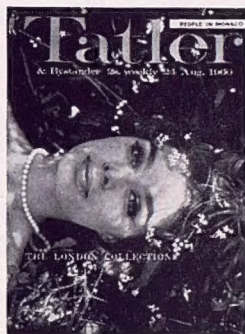
	Page
GOING PLACES: <i>Social dates</i>	323
<i>Going places to eat</i>	
by John Baker White	323
<i>Going places late</i>	
by Douglas Sutherland	324
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	325
WEDDINGS	326
ENGAGEMENTS	364
SOCIAL NEWS AND PICTURES	329
FEATURES	
<i>Why I'm not an International Playgirl</i>	
by Jeanne Sakol	341
<i>At home in Timbuktu</i>	
by Shirley & John Harrison	337
<i>Elementary Book-keeping</i>	
text by Ilse Gray	
photographs Don Jarvis	356
LORD KILGERCKEN	353
FASHION: <i>New Masters</i>	342
GOOD LOOKS: <i>Scents in the shade</i>	
by Elizabeth Williamson	365
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	359
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	360
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	361
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	362
<i>on galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	362
COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY	
by Albert Adair	363
MOTORING by Gordon Wilkins	366
DINING IN by Helen Burke	367

*Classified announcements*  
begin on page 367

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET  
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

## THE FIRST SIGNS OF AUTUMN



*To go with the aubergines, purples and browns that predominate in the autumn collections, a cool face for when the tanned skin fades. Treatment: Frescabel, followed by Supple foundation in Aquilon, powdered with Grège Rosé and a light dash of Naturel; lips shaped with Rose Discret and iced with Blanc, and eyelids shadowed with Turquoise Paillete. Lashes touched with Violine mascara, and eyebrows with Gris eye-pencil. All make-up by Lancôme. Cover by CHARLOTTE MARCH*

SOME outstanding collections were shown by the London couture houses this year, anticipating by inexplicable alchemy the main trends of the Paris shows. This week's issue and next week's will enable you to judge how far this is true. First pictures of the Paris collections will be published in The Tatler of 31 August, and 11 fashion pages this week (beginning on page 342) present the London highlights. . . . Meanwhile we have to cross the Channel for the social news. Muriel Bowen has been visiting the Riviera to find out who's holidaying there. Philip Townsend went with her to take the photographs, and their report of *The Mediterranean Migration* begins on page 329. . . . Crossing another Channel, Charles Fennell sends a photographic impression of this year's Dublin Horse Show (page 354). . . .

A new writer contributes a touch of humour this week: Jeanne Sakol, a young American now working in London. She explains *Why I'm not an International Playgirl* (page 341). . . . Also new to The Tatler is Shirley Harrison, whose travel article is of topical interest in view of the Congo troubles. Earlier this year she lived in another African territory that has recently been granted independence, and found an uneasy peace there. But she concentrates on the domestic side in *At home in Timbuktu* (page 337), for which her husband took the photographs. . . . For less rarefied domesticity, see *Elementary Book-keeping*, an illustrated compendium of ideas for using books decoratively (page 356). . . .

*Next week:*

Social arrangements for the Little Season. . . . And, reflecting the growing (if grudging) concern of the English male for his grooming, a new weekly column by Johnathon Radcliffe. *Man's World* will survey and report on the whole field of up-to-date turnout for the knowing escort. . . .



## C. P. Snow The Affair

"The Affair is both a gripping mystery story and a profoundly searching study of human passions. It would be difficult to ask for more."  
—*The Bookman*.

"Narrative that is driven forward with force and subtlety"—*Times*.  
3rd Large Impression in hand.  
**BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE.** 18s.

\* \* \*

## William Pearson A Fever in the Blood

"This is a raw, lively book. The picture it gives of domestic American politics is vivid and horrifying."  
*Times Literary Supplement.* 18s.

\* \* \*

## Nancy Hale Dear Beast

Nancy Hale's wit, her gentle shrewd eye for mannerisms and affectations, and her evocative style make the small world of little American town Starkeyville, vivid and revealing. 18s.

\* \* \*

## Elizabeth Fair The Mingham Air

The whole story is woven into the background of a village and its characters, which is handled by the author with subtlety and delicacy of observation. 16s.

MACMILLAN

# SEVEN MEN AT DAYBREAK

Alan Burgess

In 1942, Czechoslovakia lay helpless under the heel of Heydrich. In the previous year this ruthless S.S. General, aptly described by Hitler as 'the man with the iron heart', had become Reichsprotektor of Bohemia and Moravia. For the salvation of the Czech people and for the Allied cause, it was necessary that this man should die. Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchik parachuted from England on a suicide mission which had a sensational climax. Nazi reactions were immediate and relentless.

The author of the enormously popular book 'The Small Woman' has succeeded in finding an equally memorable subject.

Illustrated

at all booksellers

18s.

EVANS

# ANGELIQUE AND THE KING



Sequel to  
**SERGEANNE GOLON's**  
sensational bestseller,  
*Angelique*, it tells of her  
momentous rise to a glittering place in the wicked,  
brilliant court of the Sun  
King, Louis XIV. 21s.

HEINEMANN

## PARKINSON'S



## THE LAW and the PROFITS

Illustrated by  
**OSBERT LANCASTER**

'A quiverful of arrows'  
—*The Times*  
'Parkinson's second Law is  
likely to become as famous as  
his first.'—*The Daily Mail*  
15s net.

## DANCING for DIAGHILEV

The Memoirs of  
**LYDIA SOKOLOVA**  
Edited by Richard Buckle  
Illustrated. 25s net.  
**JOHN MURRAY**



## ANTHONY CARSON'S life story A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

And what a saga it is, too! Bull minding in New Zealand, getting the sack from a film studio, working as an Income Tax clerk, then as courier for the Magic Carpets travel agency... all told with a breathtaking genius for misadventure. Carson is something of a rage at the moment, so don't miss him. 15s

METHUEN

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

# FOYLES

\* FOR BOOKS \*

There's an atmosphere about your bookshop which I find completely fascinating. Foyles is a friendly place and the staff are so helpful. Above all, it is such a bookish bookshop. —A Customer's Letter.

FOYLES TRAVEL BUREAU  
Railway tickets and reservations at station prices

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2  
Gerrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (Mon., Wed., Thur., 9-7)  
Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

## French Paper-backs

LE LIVRE DE POCHE

A selection of titles  
Prices include postage

Marcel Aymé  
LE PASSE-MURAILLE 4s.  
Georges Bernanos LA JOIE 4s.  
Jean Cocteau  
LES PARENTS TERRIBLES 4s.  
Colette CHERI 4s.  
André Gide  
LES CAVES DU VATICAN 4s.  
Jean Giraudoux  
SIEGFRIED ET LE LIMOUSIN 4s.  
André Malraux  
LES CONQUERANTS 4s.  
H. de Montherlant  
LES BESTIAIRES 4s.  
Marcel Pagnol  
LA FEMME DU BOULANGER 4s.  
Marcel Proust  
UN AMOUR DE SWANN 4s.  
Jules Romains KNOCK 4s.  
A. de Saint-Exupéry  
COURRIER SUD 4s.  
Jean-Paul Sartre LE MUR 4s.  
Vercors  
LE SILENCE DE LA MER 4s.

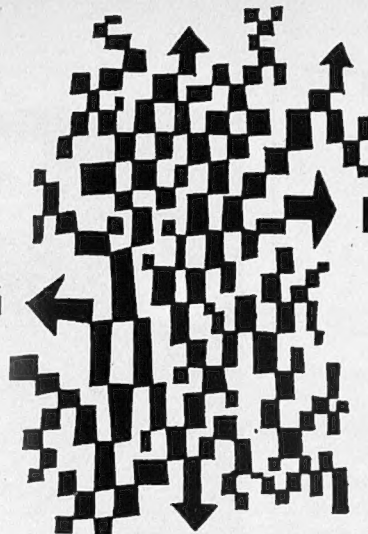
Full list of 450 titles free on request  
from

**Hachette**  
The French Bookshop  
127 Regent Street  
London W.1



GOING

PLACES



## SOCIAL

**Edinburgh Festival**, to 11 September.

**Junior Dinner-Dance**, Hyde Park Hotel, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, 13 September. (Tickets: £2 2s. from the Joint-Chairmen, I.C.A.A. Dinner-Dance Committee, 4 Palace Gate, W.8.)

**Joyce Grenfell**: Seven performances at the Scala Theatre from 26 September to 1 October, in aid of seven charities. Chairman: The Marquess de Casa Maury (KEN 8600).

## SPORT SHOWS

**Olympic Games, Rome**, to 11 September.

**Cricket**: Combined Services v. South Africans, Southsea, 27, 29, 30 August. **Cricket Festivals**: Blackpool, Hastings, 31 August-6 September; Scarborough, 31 August-9 September; Southport, to 28 August.

**Golf**: Boys' Championship, Olton, near Birmingham, to 27 August; Martini Finals, Berkshire Course, near Bagshot, today to 26 August; Girls' British Open Amateur Cham-

pionship, Barassie, near Troon, 30 August-2 September.

**Archery**: Sheriff of Nottingham's Golden Arrow Tournament, Wollaton Park, Nottingham, 27 August.

**Motor Competition**: Prescott Hill Climb, Cheltenham, 28 August.

**Polo**: Cowdray Park, Semi-final Farewell Cup, 27 August; Finals West Sussex Cup, Farewell Cup, 28 August. Cirencester Polo Tournament, to 28 August. Ham House, Woolmers Park v. Ham, Wilmer Cottage v. Double Yews, 28 August.

**Sailing**: Oulton Broad Regatta Week, Suffolk, to 27 August; Burton Cups Week (dinghies), Torquay, 28 August-3 September.

**Punting**: Thames Amateur Punting Championships, Maidenhead, 27 August.

**Shows**: Monmouthshire Show, Monmouth, 25 August; Edinburgh Horse Show, 27 August; Egham & Thorpe Royal Show, Runnymede, 27 August.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. Season by the Royal Opera, Stockholm, 29 August-

10 September. First performances: *A Masked Ball* (29 Aug.), *The Flying Dutchman* (30 Aug.), *Aniara* (1 Sept.), *Alcina* (5 Sept.). (cov 1066). **Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. Short season to 27 August. First performance, *Don Quixote* (pas de deux), 7.30 p.m., 25 August.

**Festival Ballet**, Royal Festival Hall. First performances: *Giselle* 30 Aug.; *Coppélia*, 10 September; *Etudes*, 13 September. 8 p.m., mats. Weds, Sats, 2.30 p.m. To 17 September. (WAT 3191).

**Promenade Concerts**, Royal Albert Hall, Mon-Sat, 7.30 p.m. to 17 September. (KEN 8212.)

## ART

**Picasso** (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

**Contemporary Paintings**, Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Boys & Girls Exhibition**, Olympia, to 27 August.

**Early American Silver & Art Treasures**, Christie's Great Rooms, 8 King St., today to 25 September.

**British Book Production Exhibition**, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., to 24 September.

## FAIR

**Kensington Antiques Fair**, Kensington Town Hall, 24 August-8 September. (See *Collector's Commentary*, page 363.)

## FESTIVAL

**Pendley Shakespeare Festival**, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts, 27 August-3 September.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Queen's Theatre**. *The Tiger & The Horse*. Tonight.

**Theatre Royal**, Stratford, E. *Sparrers Can't Sing*. Tonight.

**Old Vic**. *The Seagull*. 1 September.

except Sunday. There are several other specialties in a big menu. Music at lunchtime and dancing in the evenings, except on Sundays. There is a special menu for fourth-formers and below. *W.B.*

**Ebury Wine Bar**, corner of Ebury and Elizabeth Streets. New, pleasant and useful. A comfortable wine bar with a snack bar and tables behind it, specializing in Danish-type "open-face" sandwiches. There is a choice of 16, also cold meat, soup, fruit salad and cheese. Wine by the bottle, carafe or glass. All prices reasonable.

**Grinzinger Stuberl**, 39 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD 9776) *C.S.* If you wish to read your evening paper in solitude, this should not be your choice. But if you have a cheerful companion or companions, like rich Viennese food and the music that goes with it, it should. You can imagine for an hour or so that you are closer to the Danube than the Thames. For those interested in unusual wines the dry Austrians are worth trying. *W.B.*

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman For this week's see page 359.

**Candida**. "... an exhilarating holiday occasion ... a great part of the audience is made up of bright-eyed young people who are seeing this 66-year-old play for the first time ... it is a joy to hear them chortle." (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 360.

**Pollyanna**. "... miraculously restores one's faith in human nature. ... strong men sobbed like children. ... You must not miss this remarkable experience." Hayley Mills, Jane Wyman, Richard Egan, Adolphe Menjou, Kevin Corcoran. (Studio One, GER 3300.)



ERICH AUERBACH

Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, here accompanying his wife on the piano, will be the soloist in the first British performance of Shostakovich's concerto for cello and orchestra, at Edinburgh on 9 September

## Two out of town

**Chariot Wheel**, Bromley Kent. (RAV 9991.) *C.S.* It would take a column to describe fully this remarkable new roof-top restaurant with its splendid view. The best advice I can give is to go and see it for yourself. There are umpteen trains from Victoria to Bromley South. The Chariot Wheel is exactly 90 seconds walk from the station, in Ringers Road on top of Harrison Gibson's store. The journey takes 17 minutes in a fast train, no parking problems. Grillroom, which opens at 11 a.m., and restaurant are open to 11 p.m. *W.B.*

**Bedford. The Bridge**. (TEL. 66355.)

The first thing you will notice about this hotel is the friendliness of the staff and their cheerful readiness to meet your needs. Beds are comfortable, water hot, and most of the double rooms spacious. The A.A. gives it three stars and the rosette which indicates that the food is of a "higher standard than the classification implies." I agree with this opinion. *W.B.* for rooms or meals.



## GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

*C.S.* = Closed Sundays

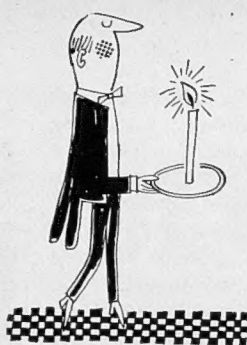
*W.B.* = Wise to book a table

**The Mogul Rooms**, Jermyn Street, W.1. Unlike many "Indian" restaurants this one is spacious, comfortable and well appointed. There is a wide choice of curries—I give full marks to the chicken curry. The mulligatawny soup and Indian fruit salad are also pleasant and out of the ordinary. There are French and English dishes too. Service is swift and attentive, but the coffee and the soup could be hotter. Full licence, prices reasonable.

**The Gay Hussar**, 2 Greek Street, (GER 0973.) *C.S.* This small restaurant has the best Hungarian cooking in London. There are also Hungarian wines and a brandy rather like *slivovic*. The goulash is the real thing, and so is the filling sweet pepper omelette. In the tradition of Budapest the *gâteaux* are rich and good.

**Trocaadero Grill**, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) It has been consistently good as long as I have known it—for 35 years. Always full, but never overcrowded, and the service is outstanding. One of the best curries in London is on the menu every day





## GOING PLACES LATE

*Douglas*

*Sutherland*

NIGHT CLUBS, IT HAS ALWAYS seemed to me, are essentially places where one goes to get away from it all. They are the refuge of the cocktail party weary, the deb dance escapée and couples in search of low lights, soft music and togetherness. Four of the most popular clubs, however, have an extrovert quality.

The Milroy Room in Hamilton Place was, of course, the leader in this field. People went there to see and be seen. Princess Margaret was frequently there and no visiting film star's tour of duty was complete without at least one appearance. Now that the Milroy has shut for the summer (to reopen, as I reported some weeks ago, as a casino) the Stork Room in Swallow Street has assumed its mantle. Much publicised as the Duke of Kent's favourite night spot, it has now become the home from home of many of the Milroy's evicted habitués. It is a poor night when you cannot rub shoulders with a few maharajas and most of the customers have that "I've-seen-that-face-somewhere-before" look.

The Blue Angel in Berkeley Street is much used by the younger set "coming on" from somewhere else. The cabaret is nearly always good and the prices perhaps a shade more reasonable than elsewhere. Unlike most of the better-known clubs in Mayfair's square mile, it is not easy to find—Berkeley Street does not encourage flashing neon signs. It is harboured in the basement of an expensive block of daytime offices opposite the May Fair Hotel and provides a bar where members can drink without having to see the show through in the club itself.

Harry Meadows at Churchills Club is even more generous in this respect—members who don't want to dance can drink and see the show from the bar without having to pay the cover charge usually levied in clubs. Quite a few men-about-town take advantage of this to drop in for a night-cap and usually find themselves staying for two or three.

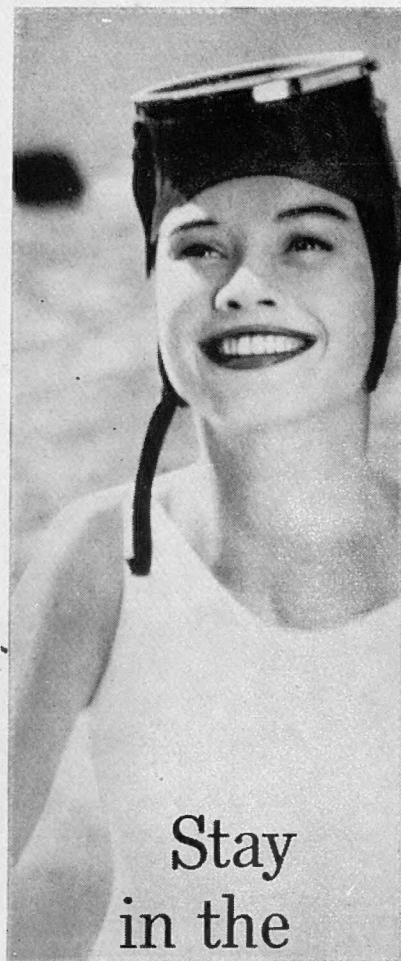
Over the road in Clifford Street is Bruce Brace's breakaway movement from Churchills, appropriately called Winston's. When Bruce left Churchills a few years back to set up on his own it was generally considered that there would not be room for the two rival establishments. In fact, both have flourished, and most evenings after midnight you will find it difficult to get a table in either. They compete with each other in elaborately staged cabarets and both get their fair share of dollar tourists in the holiday season. Currently, Winston's is planning their biggest-ever show for 20 September.

Another club which believes in a high standard of cabaret to bring in the customers is Bertie Green's Astor, in Lansdowne Row. Green claims to have discovered more cabaret talent than any other night club owner and specializes in importing American entertainers for a limited season. Currently playing there is the coloured American comedian Breddy Bowson from New York.

This month Edmundo Ros reopens his club in Regent Street with a new revue *Let's Go Latin*. The show is put together by the ubiquitous Bryan Blackburn, who will also be responsible for the new show at Winston's.



*The Blue Angel in Berkeley Street, with "Hutch" playing the cabaret*



Stay  
in the  
**SWIM**  
with  
Tampax

Why be a stay-at-home? Suntan on the beach! Swim! Have fun! Never let time-of-the-month hold you back! Use Tampax.

Invisible and unfelt when in place, Tampax never absorbs water from the outside. Can't chafe, bind, bulge or cause odour.

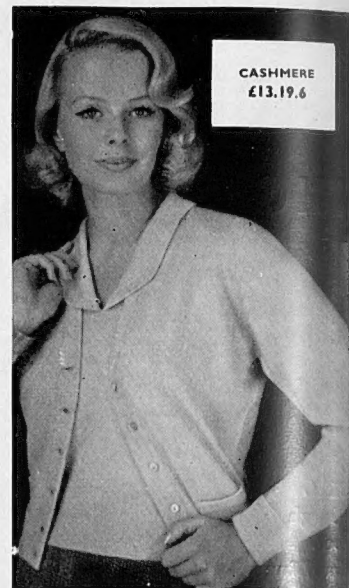
That's why millions choose it—use it—bless it! So easy to use, change and dispose of—it's the nicer way, the convenient way, the modern way!

Ask for Tampax internal sanitary protection at any chemist or draper. In two absorbencies—Regular and Super. Tampax Limited, Havant, Hants.



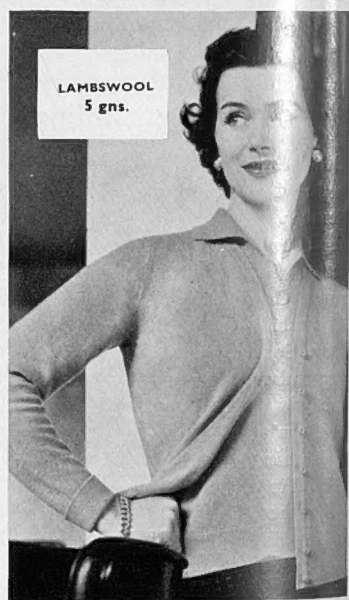
*Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women*

NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOUR



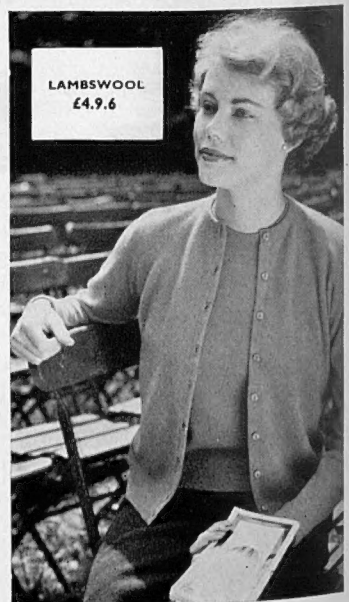
CASHMERE  
£13.19.6

**Huppert**  
SCOTTISH TWINSETS



LAMBSWOOL  
5 gns.

**Huppert**  
64 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.1.  
(PICCADILLY CIRCUS)



LAMBSWOOL  
£4.9.6



## GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Two views  
of Venice

Venice from the Basilica of St. Mark

TONIGHT in Venice the flash bulbs will flash, the bystanders will bustle and the starlets will circulate in the foyer of the Palazzo del Cinema. Journalists, impresarios, producers and assorted hangers-on will imbibe champagne and peach juice Bellinis while the photographers shepherd the starlets and the hopefuls to new positions of vantage on the first four steps leading from the terrace of the Excelsior Hotel. If you are with me you will recognize the outward and visible signs of the Venice Film Festival, the annual junket which lasts this year until 7 September.

Frankly, film festivals are either pure nightmare or mild entertainment, depending on your taste. If you take it seriously, but are not of the trade, arm yourself at once with a programme of events, which you can get from the hall porters. Apart from the first and last nights, the matter of tickets is usually quite a simple one of paying up at the box office. Even on big nights of films for which there is a scramble, one has always the alternative of the open air cinema across the road from the Palazzo. This shows the same films about half an hour earlier, and also runs, at about 11 p.m., one of the classics. Resolutely unfashionable, quite my pleasantest memory of last year's Festival was a showing in the open air of *Carnet de Bal*, though I was seeing it for the umpteenth time.

The serious one-uppers must contend with a cocktail hour which runs on till nine or later, a hurried change, and dinner after the show in the small hours. The two big hotels—the Excelsior and the Hotel

des Bains—are often given over to large-scale, though technically private, receptions after the films, and unless your name is on the invitation list it is really more amusing to walk, just a few yards beyond the Excelsior, to Tavernetta, a little garden restaurant with pleasant food and late dancing. You can dine there any time from nine o'clock onwards until around 3 a.m. Nor should true film fanciers forget the programmes, among which are included many of the old classics, which are run during the day. This year also, half-hour reels of the day's Olympics will be shown before the main film, in what one hopes will not be a vain attempt to lure people away from each other and into their seats on time.

The Film Festival, of course, is entirely the concern of the Lido, not of Venice itself, and two places a mere mile away from each other could hardly be more different. For me, the charm of the Lido is a limited one, and I can imagine no other place in Europe where one pays so dearly for the proximity of one's neighbours. But as Lido evenings are definitely dressed-up, the problem of transport is simplified if you stay on the spot, because a *vaporetto* with a stiff breeze is not the best place for full evening dress, and hiring a private launch to and from Venice is, at 4,000 lire, one of the most expensive items of all.

If you are content with a mere evening or two of the Festival roundabout, then in my opinion Venice itself is by far the pleasanter place in which to stay. The Lido is easily accessible for a bathe and lunch (both the big hotels have

excellent beach restaurants), and one has the infinite delights of the city in the evening. For the sake of a good eye-full, no less than an ear-full, try Harry's Bar, where, also, the food is excellent if you can put up with the lack of elbow room. The terrace of the Grand Hotel, right on the Grand Canal, is one of the loveliest on which to dine. Or the cool and luxurious Cipriani's, across the water from Harry's Bar (they have a connecting launch), on Giudecca. The Fenice restaurant and Columba's compete for both food and general ambience; Antico Martini is amusing either to dine or dance, way into the small hours. And after it all, the magic of San Marco at night, a great ballroom of shining lamplight and softly symmetrical arches, stilled and emptied of people.

Just as it is sad to think how many people who stay and play on the Lido scarcely see Venice at all, it is equally a pity to visit only its more obvious sights. An understanding of the public transport system pays off more handsomely in Venice than in most cities. Only the slow boats (as opposed to the *diretti*) stop at each small station on the Grand Canal, such as San Toma. From here, one can take a fascinating walk through the back streets towards the station. See not only the Tintoretto in San Rocco and a wealth of churches, but explore the narrow ways, laced by small canals, and look through the antique and furniture shops which, incidentally, have *not* been picked over as much as one might think. I remember another interesting walk, working one's way north-

wards behind San Marco and towards the quayside of Fondamenta Nuove. From here another series of steamers ply the outer circle of the city, but work back finally to the station and the Grand Canal again. After a few such excursions, one *begins* to know the place a little.

From 11 September until 4 October, Venice offers also some sterner stuff in the way of festivals: strictly without starlets, the Festival of Music. Most of this is contemporary, but many performances will take place in the glorious Fenice Theatre. And until mid-October the Biennale exhibition of contemporary art and sculpture continues, in the open air.



The smaller canals repay exploration

PHOTOGRAPHS: J. ALLAN CASH



## WEDDINGS

**Kerr—Pálffy d'Erdöd:** Lila (right), only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Stanley Kerr, married Count John Pálffy d'Erdöd, son of Count Paul Pálffy d'Erdöd & Countess Dorothy Pálffy, at the Church of St. Francis de Sales in Morges, near Lausanne. The reception, attended by some 700 international guests, was held at the home of the bride's parents, Chanivaz, one of the largest privately owned estates on Lake Geneva

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRODRICK HALDANE



**Pike—Whitfield:** Brigid Charlotte, daughter of Sir Theodore & Lady Pike, of Barn Cottage, Shamley Green, married Needham Bryan, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Whitfield, of Richmond, Virginia, at Christ Church, Shamley Green



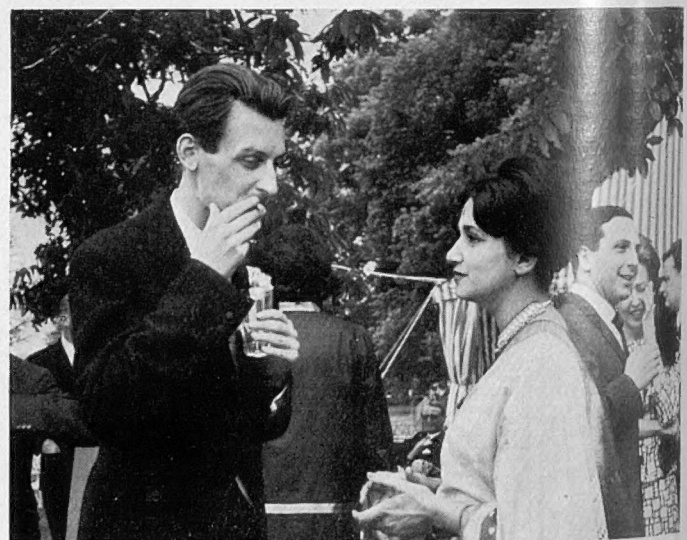
**Jones—Marquand:** Josephine, daughter of Mr. F. Elwyn Jones, Q.C., M.P., & Mrs. Elwyn Jones, of Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1, married Richard Alfred, son of Mr. Hilary Marquand, M.P., & Mrs. Marquand, of Wimbledon, at the Chapel of St. Mary Undercroft, Palace of Westminster



**Berry—van Raalte:** Mary Anne, daughter of the Hon. Lionel & Lady Helen Berry, of Blackwell Hall, Chesham, married Charles Henry, son of the late Mr. N. van Raalte & the late Mrs. Beryl van Raalte, at St. Margaret's



Countess John de Bendor, who flew over from London for the wedding, & Mrs. Patrick Guinness, formerly Countess Dolores von Fürstenberg



Count Peter Pálffy d'Erdöd & Countess Függer. Below: Baroness Thyssen & Comte Groeninx-van Zoelen. The young couple are honeymooning in Jamaica where Baron Thyssen has lent them his house











IT  
**MUST**  
BE

For School Casuals  
of impeccable fit—

***Start-rite***



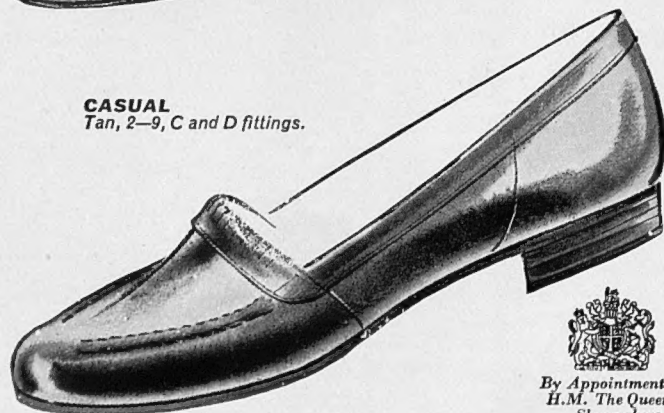
**GIRLS' LACE-UP SHOE**  
Brown, Black, 9-7  
C, D, E fittings

They're fashion wise, comfort  
carefree in Start-rite Casuals  
with famous Start-rite foot-  
health features, 'merri-go-round'  
styling and colours.

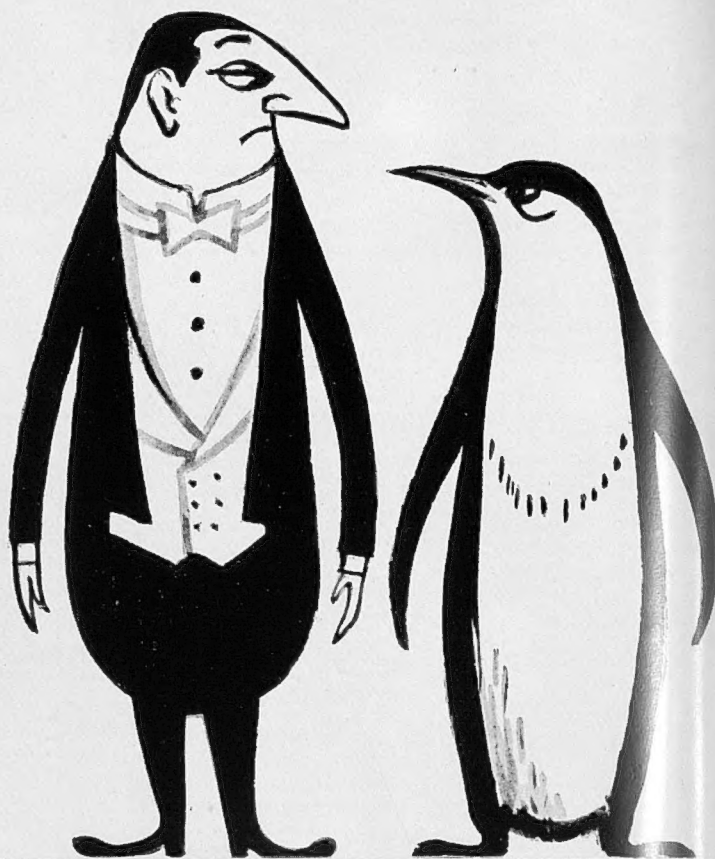


**TEENAGE COURT**  
Black, Tan, 2-9  
AA, B fittings.

**CASUAL**  
Tan, 2-9, C and D fittings.



By Appointment to  
H.M. The Queen  
—Shoemakers



...but everyone  
has a 'double'  
when it's  
Vat 69



**THE ONE SCOTCH  
THAT STANDS OUT**





THE TATLER &amp; BYSTANDER 24 AUGUST 1960

*Monte Carlo gets more crowded, they say. You can hardly get along the coast roads now for the traffic. Besides, the Riviera beaches really aren't very comfortable, are they, what with the pebbles and the coachloads of German tourists. That's what they say, but you'll always find them there, and Muriel Bowen went to look for those who had succumbed again. It turned out to be, as usual, a full-scale*



# MEDITERRANEAN MIGRATION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP TOWNSEND



Miss Susan Ainsworth and Mr. Christopher Morgan from London



The Prince of Baroda holidaying with his mother the Maharance



Miss Stephanie Elliott from Lymington with Henri—a pet magpie on M.Y. Cygnus



The

## MEDITERRANEAN MIGRATION

CONTINUED



Mr. & Mrs. Norman Moore in Monte Carlo on board their 90-ton yacht *Silver Cloud*



Mrs. Stass Reed from New York—one of many American visitors to Monte Carlo this season



Visitors from London: débutante Miss Judith Redman and (below) Miss Juliet Croft



Muriel Bowen reports:

IT's fashionable to mock Monte Carlo, but there's no getting away from the excitement of the place on such occasions as the gala at the International Sporting Club. Where else would you see more than 1,200 people on a flower-decorated ledge, with a seven-course dinner, cabaret in the light of the moon, and the sea gently lapping under the floor? Prince Rainier & Princess Grace presided as usual, the princess—still in mourning for her father—wearing a white sheath with a black lace shawl hanging from one shoulder. At the tables there was a gleam on suntanned faces from villas along the coast. And some, like G/Capt. & Mrs. Loel Guinness and his daughter, Lindy, had sailed in from a misty Mediterranean.

The Aga Khan brought his house party from the Château d'Horizon. He's an engaging con-



Mrs. Cafritz, the Washington hostess, summed up the presidential candidates (see Muriel Bowen)

Seen in the sun

versationalist, be the subject horses, or the welfare of his followers in East Africa (now facing new situations with the rise of African nationalism). When I mentioned the wonder grey filly, Petite Etoile, his enthusiasm was such that I wondered if it could be taken to indicate the answer to the biggest question in racing.

"She's a marvellous filly and I'm greatly looking forward to seeing her when I go to England next year," he told me. "But, you know, the horses aren't mine. They belong equally to my brother (Amy) and my sister (Yasmin). When we finally decide what to do with them I'll issue a statement. That may be in a few months."

It was a night for beautiful women, none





*Among the endless parade of water-skiers: Mr. John Lotery and Mr. Bill MacKinnon, both from London.*

perhaps more beautiful than Mrs. Patrick Guinness, slim as a beanpole in a dress of wonderfully bright pink satin. But it was a surprise to see so much paste jewellery worn with beautiful dresses. The only stones of splendour were the Maharanee of Baroda's emeralds.

Miss Elsa Maxwell had Princess Soraya in her party, and the Countess of Kenmare, New York financier Mr. Edward Gilbert, the Marquesa de Vilaverde (striking brunette daughter of Gen. Franco) & the Marqués Vilaverde (a leading surgeon in Madrid), the Hon. Henry & Mrs. Cubitt, and Mr. & Mrs. Jack (57) Heinz, whose villa on the coast has been the scene of several gay parties in recent weeks. "It's a

Dutch party—they've all paid for their tickets, I've only invited them," Miss Maxwell told me earlier over a drink at the Hotel de Paris. And "they all" were only too glad to pay and join Miss Maxwell's party, because they know she never invites bores. She's now in Rome, having her Olympic party tomorrow at the Brazilian Embassy. "After your TATLER photographed me last year fighting a bull in Spain all my friends are expecting me to try the high jump at the Games."

Mr. Aristotle Onassis, energetic and purposeful as ever, was the first guest to arrive. He enjoyed himself too, shaking with laughter when Mme. Maria Callas reached his table

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



*Josephine, Jacqueline and Jonathan Laughton from Cheshire*





*Mrs. Patrick Guinness was with the Aga Khan's party at the Gala Ball*



*General Franco's daughter, the Marquésa de Villaverde*



*Dr. Roberto Arias and his wife, Dame Margot Fonteyn*

#### MEDITERRANEAN MIGRATION *continued*

unknown to the newspaper photographers, who had to take flying leaps from the raised dance floor, over the flower beds, to the floor below in order to get her picture. With Mr. Onassis were: **Dr. Roberto Arias & Dame Margot Fonteyn** ("I'm supposed to be flying home in the middle of the night for rehearsals, but I don't know how I'll get myself away from all this"), **Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe**, and **Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Nielson**.

Also at the gala (a benefit for the Red Cross) were **Mr. & Mrs. Louis Rawlings**, who came with her father, **Mr. William Boas**, **Princess Ashraf** (the Shah's sister, who is negotiating for a villa at Cap d'Antibes), **Mr. J. P. Morgan, Jr.**, and **Mr. & Mrs. Mike Frankovitch**.

#### RIVIERA PERSONALITIES

The sun, champagne on stone-flagged terraces under striped umbrellas, or a buffet supper set up between wine coolers full of gladioli on a splendid yacht—these are all part of the routine Monte Carlo scene. So it takes a hostess with flair to produce something different and triumph in the process. Yet that is what **Princess Troubetzkoy** has done at her Tuesday parties at the Villa Mayon. Her latest was

Hawaiian, and as the people and the atmosphere were such fun nobody got bored with having leis slung round their necks.

**King Peter of Yugoslavia** and his wife, after years of living at the Hotel de Paris, have settled into a villa on the heights of Roquebrune. The King told me that they live simply, not bothering with the high spots. While we chatted, **Queen Alexandra**, who has become a success as an authoress, was cooking dinner.

The Maona, the new night spot where you can tie your boat to the ramp which is part of the bar, is the smartest place to dance this year. Afloat there was a dance on the *Shemara*, now on charter to Boston banker **Mr. Serge Simonecko** and his wife. There was dancing on the spacious decks—covered with awnings just in case. The band was flown in from St. Moritz.

Who else is on the Riviera? **Sir Patrick Hennessy**, **Sir Alfred Butt**, **Sir Roland Turnbull** (ex-Governor of North Borneo), **Mrs. Ruby Hamilton-Lang**, and **Sir Simon & Lady Marks** (she's still recovering from a broken leg).

**Sir Ashley Clarke** (Ambassador in Rome) and the **Hon. Dominic Elliot** were among those at the Metropole last week. Newest attraction there is the swimming-pool. At the Hotel de Paris is **Lady McIndoe**, down for a month and dividing

her time between the hotel and a friend's villa. In selling Millwood Manor, her late husband's estate, she is not forsaking East Grinstead. She tells me she is going to build a house there.

Still more: **The Duke & Duchess of Sutherland**, **Miss Judy Montagu**, **Mr. & Mrs. Arpad**



*Princess Grace, who presided with Prince Rainier*





More than 1,000 people dined and watched cabaret by the light of the moon at the flower-decorated International Sporting Club

Plesch, and Lord Beaverbrook, whom I saw, straw hat on the back of his head, stepping out of Cartier's with the air of a man who has made just the right purchase. Visitors laugh at his personal London taxi, which looks weird amid the smart Continental convertibles, but it gets him through the traffic faster.

I lunched one day with Mrs. Morris Cafritz, Washington's most famous party-giver and political hostess, at her solarium above the crashing surf at Monte Carlo beach. This was her summing-up of the Presidential election:

"Well, if we get Jack (Kennedy) and all the Turks—all the little Kennedy brothers, you know—in the White House it will be all the greatest fun. Jackie (Mrs. Kennedy) will be divine, she does things beautifully. But of course with Jack it will be exciting and wonderful and then, I'm afraid, a big economic burst."

Her summing-up of Vice-President Nixon: "Of course if we get Dick it will be dull. Though, mind you, we'll be very safe; he's practical."

Incidentally, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Kennedy,

parents of the senator, are at Bella Vista, their villa on Cap d'Antibes.

#### THE BEGUM AT HOME

I drove along to Cannes and spent part of an afternoon with the Begum Aga Khan at Yaki-mour from where you can look through cypress and lemon trees to the foothills of the French Alps. She's an exciting woman to meet, vital, energetic, and with a vast curiosity about life in general. She had just been to Germany for a Wagner festival.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 335

#### BRIGGS by Graham







PHILIP TOWNSEND

*The Begum Aga Khan (photographed in her villa overlooking Cannes) has taken up sculpture, inspired by Sir Winston Churchill. She did this head of her father*



## Visitors afloat in Cannes

"I didn't get to Ascot this year," she told me. "Too soon after Aly's death. I couldn't bear it. But I still have horses in training in England, not very good ones. I don't have any Aga Khan blood—or Aga Khan luck." Her brown eyes were dancing at the thought of those horses which don't win. Obviously she's got the right philosophy for a racehorse owner.

In recent years she's taken up painting and sculpture: "I read Sir Winston's book on painting and he said that all you've got to do is to be audacious—it was that word *audacious* that persuaded me." I looked at some of her work. There was the head of her father on which she's still working, and an adorable painting of the late Aly Khan's daughter, Yasmin. "She's got tremendous personality, much more like her father than the two boys," said the Begum. "I think she was the only woman who was able to manage him."

Outside, the fountains were playing and the sun was beating on the pool. What a magnificent pool it is. The Begum told me that it was filled twice a year with sea water brought by truck. There is fishing equipment and in the winter it's heated.

### CANNES FOR REGATTAS?

Fortified by a meal at the Carlton I went down to the port. There I met **Capt. John Illingworth** (this year's Round-the-Island race winner) and heard something of the centenary regatta he was organizing.

There were a number of British boats including *Cynara* sailed by the junior section of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, and the spectacular *Verona*—the only English square-rigger nowadays—lent by Mrs. Mary Rogers to the young men who sailed her. There's a move on to remake Cannes as a yachting regatta centre.

Most of the British people yachting on the Riviera are enjoying themselves in boats that don't race. **Lord & Lady Shawcross** had chartered *Ariel*, which they were sailing with their three children and two French sailors. "We're bound for Corsica, and we may go to Elba," she told me. **Mr. & Mrs. Morris Winston** were on their *D'Veira* (which has since been taken on charter by Mr. Huntington Hartford). **Wing-Comdr. Alan Lynn**, D.S.O., D.S.C., and his family were back in port after a rough crossing to Greece and Italy, and **Miss Stephanie Elliott** was on *Cygnus*, the boat she helped sail down to the Riviera through the French canals.

One thing that made the French livid was the American who chartered Earl Beatty's *Sea Huntress*, and arrived with all his food in sealed packages—including his french beans.



Captain John Illingworth, of Round-the-Island fame, on the schooner *Altair* with owner Don Miguel Sans Mora



Mr. & Mrs. Morris Winston aboard their *D'Veira* with author Mr. William Fuller, who is acting as crew



Wing-Commander & Mrs. Alan Lynn on their yacht *Freebell II*



*Strictly  
a non-political  
party . . .*



*Mr. & Mrs. Frank Byers with their daughter Elizabeth*

*. . . just a  
Liberal host and  
Tory illuminations*

Whoever would have thought that a local Tory council could add to the glitter of a coming-out ball? But that was precisely what they did when Mr. & Mrs. Frank Byers gave a dance for their daughter, Elizabeth. Festoons of red, blue and yellow lights from the council illuminated the verdant surroundings of Hunter's Hill, the Byers home near Lingfield, Surrey. The Byers heard about the lights from their electrician.

Mr. Byers (he's chairman of the Liberal Party Central Association) takes up the story from there: "The Honourable Mrs. Something-or-Other—I can't recall it now but it struck me at the time as a fine Tory name—called me up and asked if the party had to do with politics. She seemed very pleased when I said it was nothing to do with me, that it was my daughter's coming-out dance." The lights, which had been lying idle since they were used for Coronation festivities seven years ago, were returned to the council by Mr. Byers with many new bulbs and repaired sockets.

Gathered to enjoy themselves under the lights



*Miss Jane Manthei with Mr. Roger Williams—illumination here is a flaring oil lamp on a stand*



*Mr. D. Alers Hankey, Miss P. Wright & Mr. M. Lewer*

were Miss Jane Reekie and her brother, Andrew, Mr. Michael Rowlandson, Miss Catherine Hareke, Miss Susan Tilling and what the Byers had listed as "Extra Tilling," who turned out to be her brother, Charles. The Tillings provide quite a sizeable family cast for the Canterbury Festival every year. "My father finds that having his face made up and that sort of thing is a refreshing change after the law," Miss Tilling told me. Her father is Mr. Humphrey Tilling.

I met Miss Gillian Davies, a pretty girl who hopes to be called to the Bar shortly, and Miss Virginia Cadbury, who had just done a stint in one of the family chocolate factories and is off to the U.S. Lots of young people, too, from Oxford and Cambridge. But only one obvious politician: the Byers' second daughter, Louise, who is at Sherborne. At 14 she is a Liberal and knows so much about politics that she's never forgiven her godmother, Lady Megan Lloyd George, M.P., for joining the Labour Party.

—MURIEL BOWEN



*Miss Merry Williams-Wynne, Mr. P. Rhyn Pockney, Miss Prudence Pockney & Mr. Richard MacFarlane*



*Miss Alison McNeil with M. Descamps*



*Miss S. Lee, Miss M. Stephens & Mr. C. Tilling*





*An account of  
a visit proving  
that high  
adventure  
is no longer  
perilous—just  
uncomfortable*

## AT HOME IN TIMBUKTU

THE FIRST THING that happened to me on my first morning there gave me a swift idea of what sort of place Timbuktu is. I stepped through my front doorway and fell straight into a three-foot hole that hadn't been there the night before. Back in London we'd been warned of deadly water-snakes, scorpions, and Tuareg warriors from the Sahara. I would rather have been told about the holes in the road. What happens is that every year, after the rains, the sand houses start to dwindle and collapse. During winter they are rebuilt. We arrived by night at the end of our 3,000-mile journey across Africa just as the building season began—and the material used is the nearest supply of sand, even if it happens to be part of the road. All over Timbuktu we discovered similar holes and piles of bricks and rubble which appeared overnight, in front of doorways, blocking paths, in the middle of thoroughfares. Everywhere tiny donkeys scuffed along, loaded with big baskets of brick, their masters shuffling behind with emerald bundles of reed from the banks of the Niger river to stiffen the bricks and feed the donkeys.

Our first sight of the legendary Holy City of the Sahara was by dawn from the roof of our house. The square, sand-castle houses clustered together in a flat-topped jumble along narrow, dune-blocked alleys shimmering in the early morning heat. There are no real roads, for the town is built on the desert—there are only broad tracts of shifting sand blown in from all sides and creeping little by little over the buildings themselves. Here and there refreshing splashes of green mark where the French planted trees. They brighten the monotonous landscape but completely fail to hold back the sand.

Massive iron-studded doorways scarred with spears barricade every house from the street, and the windowless walls recall a time when the Arab and Negro residents of Timbuktu lived in constant fear of attack from the nomadic Tuareg who camped in the desert around. Today the Tuareg, handsome veiled warriors, no longer sweep on their camels through the streets, plundering and kidnapping girls to be their slaves. They are to be seen instead walking proudly in twos and threes through the market square, spear in hand, dagger by side.

Our house, in the oldest quarter of the town, had a

beautiful Moorish courtyard, balustrades, plenty of scorpions' and no furniture. We rented it from a Syrian merchant, Kali Baba, and moved in "vacant possession." We borrowed a table, two tubular chairs, a biscuit box and an oil-lamp from the neighbour who had borrowed our road to make his bricks.

Timbuktu is a silent city. Silent by night—lit only by the moon, for the nearest street-lamp is 500 miles away. Silent by day—shimmering under dust stirred up by camels' feet and rustling Arab robes. It is stilled into silence by the vastness of the desert that surrounds it. Even we, bursting with the thrill of having reached our goal (especially after the hair-raising 100 miles in a jeep), were muffled by the quiet on that first morning's walk. A few camels sat blinking lazily in the sun, one or two people sauntered slowly across the market place—it is impossible to walk fast when your feet are heavy with sand. Small groups of blue-clad desert women crouched behind their meagre wares in the market; two tame ostriches strutted from one to another, pecking at the shrivelled kola nuts and half-eaten tomatoes. A group of whispering Arabs stood, arms linked in a closed circle. There were no street cries, no hooters, no running feet. Small boys playing with a black beetle at the foot of the great mosque of San Kore giggled when it turned on its back. A camel snorted. I sneezed, for I'd caught a cold crossing the desert.

The place is a complex web of castes and cultures. Within half an hour of moving in I think we had met them all. They shuffled up the stairs to sit on the sand-strewn floor and tell us of their family's part in the glorious history of their town. The Bela water-carrier, lowest of the low, brought us a pigskin of water in the mornings for five francs and for 10 francs in the evening. He fetched it from the well that supplied the town and, filtered through an earthenware pot, it was drinkable if boiled. The delicately perfumed Arab noble arranged his fine robes around him, fixed us with his sad brown eyes and lamented that the Negroes—former slaves of Timbuktu—were now the town's rulers. It is 70 years since the French first colonized the town, only a few months since independence, when the French Commandant handed over to Negro administration after years of enforced peace between the races. "You will hear," said

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



*This blacksmith doubled as a vampire-exorciser. Much respected, as vampires are thought to be prevalent, and responsible for many misfortunes. He offered us tea*



## AT HOME IN TIMBUKTU *continued*



*Water comes by the pig-skinful, from the wells of Buktu. It's dearer in the evening*

the Arab. "*The sound of battle in Timbuktu will echo to the ends of the world.*"

The idealistic negro Commandant came, on the other hand, to excite us with plans for the new Timbuktu, the tourist centre. He gave us travel posters, talked of a new airstrip and the expansion of the six-room bungalow-hotel so that British and American visitors would come. The blacksmith marabout invited us to tea. A marabout is a kind of Mohammedan priest, but anyone who can read the Koran in Timbuktu calls himself a marabout. Many of them have additional, doubtful qualifications; ours was a specialist in vampires. A vampire, we were told, is a human bloodsucker who sheds his skin by night and roams the streets—a hideous, red monster. We had seen the lone tree out in the desert where vampires are reputed to select their victims—it looked like any other tree. But as the blacksmith whispered tale after horrifying tale on our first night and bats fluttered across the oil lamp we listened, afraid and half-believing.

We shopped in the open market and shanty stores that surround it—where you are likely to find a camel in the queue behind you. It is here that the great salt caravans end their cruel journey from the Saharan mines three months away. For years Timbuktu has depended for its living on the flat, pink, marble salt slabs, and when they arrive the population swells from 6,000 to 10,000 (and 20,000 camels). Then there is activity. The salt is taken to the port of Kabara on an arm of the Niger, and shipped from there to Dakar and from there all over Africa. It is crude, strong salt—most unpleasant to European taste. Then, when the caravans have gone, life jogs along easily again. So we jogged along with it.

We borrowed a straw-plugged, sinking canoe and punted our way lazily round the flood waters of the Niger. We drank innumerable glasses of sweet, syrupy tea, made in typical tiny teapots stuffed with sugar (chipped from a large block), poured into baby liqueur glasses, and drunk scalding-hot. We called on the American mission, which had been operating for 30 years without a convert—and we went to see the family of the renowned White Priest of Timbuktu. Auguste Dupuis, a renegade French monk, went to Timbuktu as a missionary—and stayed to turn Moslem, marry the local negro "queen" and become a legend throughout Africa. His wife died only two years ago and his family are proud of

the collection of books and manuscripts on the history of Timbuktu which he left behind.

After we'd been in residence a few days we plucked up courage to ask for a couple of camels. It was almost as easy as hailing a taxi. And when we said we were off to the desert they threw in a couple of guides to protect us. The two beasts sat in the sand, snorting, spitting and baring their teeth as we prepared to mount. "Stand on its knees," said the guide—one of the red-cloaked Goums, the desert police force. Gingerly I put my left foot on the camel's fleshy knee. It wobbled and I fell off. On a second try I swung my leg over the high-fronted saddle, landed with a thud on the sheepskin lining, and the camel stood up. As the back legs unbent into standing position, I lurched forward down its neck only to be ricocheted back as the front legs straightened too.

After my first collision with a thorn bush, the camels were surprisingly easy to control. The slightest touch of the rein guided them from left to right in a graceful wheel. Rocking jerkily backwards and forwards we rode for hours across the dunes, feeling like desert lords till, in the strange orange light of sunset, we saw a group of shadowy figures lining our path, their eyes glinting



*Undaunted by the desert, this inhabitant stolidly sweeps it. Perhaps a gesture of deference to European ideas of hygiene*



through the slits of their veils, spears at the ready.

These were the Tuareg. They showed little surprise to see us—their instinctively expressionless faces were cold and cruel. Yet they pulled our camels to their knees, spoke with the Goums and motioned us down. The beasts were left to wander freely and we were led into the encampment. We were treated with hospitable Moslem suspicion. They killed a goat in front of us for supper, chopped it up without skinning it, and cooked it in the embers of a fire without utensils. The stench of the old goat was partly overcome by the sand and dust with which it was coated.

They told us how the Tuareg longed to live in peace but were in constant fear of attack from the townsfolk in Timbuktu. *"They used to plunder our camps and steal our womenfolk,"* they complained. *"But things are better now,"* said the camp leader, fingering his spear point lovingly. *"We are glad the French left soldiers behind when they gave us independence. When the soldiers leave Timbuktu there will be war again."* Timbuktu is part of the Federation of Mali, West Africa, since the French left. The French ("Europeans") were the last of many to occupy the place, which was originally a nomad encampment in the 12th century around the well (*tin*) of Buktu (female name of the tribe). Niger "blacks," Arab "browns" and Tuareg "whites" had all had a turn, giving Timbuktu for centuries a savage reputation—especially for killing outsiders who delved its secrets.

I forget how long we'd been in the desert when John became ill. It was malaria. Only a mild attack, but the return trip to Timbuktu was a gruelling endurance test. Twice the Goums saved him from falling out of the saddle and all the way the sun beat mercilessly on our backs. I look at our house in Timbuktu, John lay feverish and sick. There was no doctor for miles and the marabout immediately diagnosed "vampires." He stuck a dagger in the sand outside, to keep them away and was about to perform the usual remedy (spit in the patient's eye and massage for five minutes) when John sat up and saved himself from a fate worse than death. The "vampires" had a second attempt back in London for John spent 10 days in the Hospital for Tropical Diseases.

We left Timbuktu by boat—one of the first-rate steamers that run between Dakar and Kabara. Sometimes the gentle reeds stroked the sides of the boat, sometimes there was no land as far as the eye could see.



Here and there horses waded, knee-deep in the clear blue water, and the trees were flecked white with storks. It was a restfully, soothing journey as the slow river idled its way back into the world again. This was the same river up which Mungo Park was travelling when he was murdered. Today the European traveller is safe and even welcome in Timbuktu—but how long, we wondered, before the desert law breaks out again?

*Sinister-looking, but the talk at this gathering in the market-place is more likely to be story-telling rather than revolt*

#### TIMBUKTU TIMETABLE

*First stage is to Bamako, whence there is a choice of transport.*

PARIS-BAMAKO by plane:  
T.A.I. flies Sundays and Thursdays. £91 single, 9½ hours (film show during flight).

BAMAKO-TIMBUKTU by steamer: About once a week. Bamako-Mopti, £4, two days (September to November). Mopti-Timbuktu, £5, two days (October to March).

BAMAKO-TIMBUKTU by plane and truck: Local flight, Bamako-Mopti-Goundam, Wednesdays and Saturdays, £15, three hours (when not held up by locusts). Army truck, Goundam-Timbuktu, meets plane, crosses 100 miles of desert. Free. Four to 12 hours (when not held up).



*Sand half-submerges the doorway of a neighbour, an Arabized Sonrai. It blows into dunes throughout the town*





*The guns and the Land-Rovers were loaded and the sound of the 12-bore was heard on the moors again. Among those out on The Twelfth was Lord Cullen of Ashbourne (above), who was in the party organized in the Derbyshire Peaks by Col. J. A. H. & Mr. F. P. Nicholson. Another early start was made in Perthshire, where Col. F. Douglas arranged his usual party (right) at Lochan. Early reports were of good shooting, though not so good as first expected*



# OFF WITH A BANG

# WHY I'M NOT AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYGIRL

by Jeanne Sakol

I'VE GIVEN up my ambition to be an International Playgirl. For a time I thought I'd make it, if not as a full-fledged "darling" of the International Set, at least as an active member. Despite a natural superficiality and a valid passport, it has become clear that I lack a number of basic talents and natural requisites.

First of all, you need an obscure background, slightly tainted. Displaced royalty is good. Bon-bon girl from a Bosphorus bordello is better. I was born in Brooklyn and never even heard of Europe until I was five. Prospect Park, yo-yos and the exquisite sadness of a melted fudgie can hardly compare with the downstairs maid's daughter who made it upstairs in the drafty castle.

Another thing I've had to live with is my American accent, which is absolute anathema to the International Set. British with Rumanian undertones mingled with four-letter words in five languages comprise the accepted vernacular. The United States is tolerated only as a place to cash cheques, pick up the divorce and renew residence in order to retain American citizenship.

But these are all insignificant compared to my physical and emotional misalliance. I am tall. Most International Playboys come in what ad. men call trial-size and it disrupts my sense of female proportion to look down at a man. Also, I am at a difficult age. Too old for the old, old men, especially now they've read *Lolita*. Too young for the young, young things who want Mother Figures for sparring partners.

My chemistry is wrong, too. I get airsick, yachtsick and, one dreadful day on the Brenner Pass, carsick, though I'm not sure if it was gas fumes (excuse me, *petrol* fumes) or hitting curves on one wire wheel at 95 m.p.h., which looks even higher in kilometres. Cigar smoke burns my eyes. Champagne burns my throat. Water-skiing, snow skiing, elephants and escargots all make me queasy. Getting engaged without getting married gives me a nervous twitch.

Furthermore, I cannot be ready in five minutes. In the International Set, you're not allowed to plan a trip in advance. It has to "just happen," such as going to Bimini in a bikini for a bowl of linguini. Once I was torn shoeless from Les Ambassadeurs for a dawn prawn hunt in the Irish Sea, and all I caught was a terrible cold. Sniffles, toothaches and upset stomachs are not considered chic. Physical breakdowns are only permissible after plane crashes, suicide pacts or miscalculations on the playing fields.

Worse yet, I like movies and television. No International Playgirl watches TV unless she's on it. As for movies, you're only expected to attend premières or film festivals. I've never been asked to a film festival. Maybe it's because the committee was afraid I would actually be watching instead of losing my bathing suit. And that's another thing. Bathing suits. No matter how early in the season I begin, I have never been able to acquire a smooth, all-over tan. A pale skin borders on the unforgivable in the International Set.

These inefficiencies on my part may have been surmountable if not for the hardest blow of all, one it's taken me a long time to face. Playboys *don't like me*. They respond with a kind of urgent blandness. I once stood beside Frank Sinatra for 15 minutes. He didn't even clear his throat. I bumped against Aly Khan in the paddock at Ascot and he didn't even say "Quite!" Elsa Maxwell once said hallo to me but she thought I was somebody else. It's rotten to come back from a wild weekend party and find you're the only one who's well-rested.

A few weeks ago I decided to resign from the International Set. It's going to seem strange reading about Ava and Baby and Zsa Zsa from afar instead of being ignored by them in person. As for those ugly rumours as to why I'm giving up everything . . . and with whom . . . all I can say at this time is, "We're just good friends."





Roman Hartnell



# NEW masters

*Cloth not canvas is their material,  
and Mayfair not Montmartre  
is their village—but the  
London designers have furthered their claim  
to be classed among the creators of world fashion  
with a series of collections that even  
anticipated the autumn themes  
from Paris. These pages put their  
signatures to the pick of the coming  
season's new London clothes*

PHOTOGRAPHS: NORMAN EALES

**No change:** the loose, easy-fitting tailored line remains with us. **On the move:** jackets are getting longer and skirts are well over the knee. Shoulders, while softly rounded, are nearly always set-in—but greatcoats are broader than ever with boldly seamed yokes making the shoulders seem even wider. **Coming in:** light wool, silk or chiffon blouses—central and floor heating and hence the gradual disappearance of the cold English country house has encouraged designers to make these lightweights—but wear them under tweed jackets and chunky coats when you step out to take the air. **New:** high, brimless sugar-loaf hats to accentuate the basically elongated silhouette of the autumn line. **Brightening-up:** rich gleaming materials are being used in profusion, together with lavish additions of fur. Example: the modern masterpiece (*opposite*) in which a sheath dress of ebony Lyons velvet is partnered by a coat lined throughout with Arctic fur and crowned by a fox busby, worn with a chenille dotted white veil. **Toning down:** there is a strong feeling for sombre, deeply shaded colours with purples ranging from violet to aubergine and black tulip, browns from russet to Burnt Sienna and Vandyke . . .

it's just the same on both sides of the Channel this season, for Paris and London again have hit on the same line, the same textures and the same colours. And it's no conspiracy, in spite of a widely-held belief that the designers arrange these things





**Cocktail dress** in black French rayon jersey has the bodice horizontally tucked into the gathered beetle back and trimmed with a ciré ribbon bow. Hat of black organza comes from the Sheridan Room, 14 Savile Row

**Late day dress** in Dumas & Maury's black angora wool and silk mixture cloth has a low pouched back tying in a huge bow on the hip. Simone Mirman's black velour sugar-loaf hat trimmed with plaited gym tunic braid

## *The beetle-backs*

Qualifications for success with the beetle-back are exacting. It demands a figure capable of achieving the concave look, so curves are out and you must be tall to carry it off with elegance. If you do qualify, Charles Creed is one of three designers to look to. This season he has put low pouched jackets on his suits with drawstring waists and rounded beetle-backed greatcoats usually 7/8ths in length. The Creed line is carried through (*above*) in his late day dress. Hardy Amies too, though usually more noted for his tailoring than his dressmaking, is all out for back interest in some dazzling cocktail and evening dresses. He achieves it with cowls when using stiff velvets or brocades or with pouches when draping fabrics as shown (*above, left*) in his cocktail dress. Victor Stiebel breaks away this season from his customary romanticism to a new line in sophistication. He, too, makes successful use of pouching (*far right*) in his black dinner dress



Dinner dress (right) is a sheath of black silk crêpe with a fitted strapless bodice of crimson wild silk worn under a pouched blouse of black chiffon. To be worn with success only by the tall, slim and elegant

## NEW masters

*continued*







*Mattli.*


## *The east-to-west greatcoats*

Fullness always in the width, never in the back, distinguishes the greatcoats in the current collections, their massive proportions often concealing lightweight blouses and dresses underneath. Mattli's coat of cinnamon Rodier cloth, cut with a strong Chinese influence, has its width emphasized by horizontal seaming at the lowered waistline. Worn under the coat with a straight matching skirt is a beetle-backed blouse of fine printed French wool (*detail alongside*) in shades of old gold and tan on a white ground. Rudolph's beret of toning felts



## NEW masters *continued*

Concave look was also picked by Ronald Paterson with bodices deeply indented in front and curved backs jutting from the waistline. He chose rounded shoulder lines and skirts with their fullness gathered to the front. His coat of heavy ribbed French wool in a vibrant flamingo pink with its shortened sleeves is worn over a two-piece dress (*detail alongside*) of French fine crêpe-surfaced wool in fog grey. The bodice buttons on to the gathered skirt. James at Ronald Paterson made the startling sugar-loaf hat of matching pink call



*Ronald Paterson*



Contrast was achieved by Owen Hyde-Clarke at Worth by facing an important east-to-west topcoat of Dumas & Maury's cinnamon wool with mustard. In this coat the diagonal front is made to button at the shoulder then falls into a loose panel for added interest at the back. It is worn over a dress of toning fine light-weight cinnamon wool (*detail alongside*) also from Dumas & Maury with the bodice cut short to reveal a calf belt emphasizing the natural waistline. The hat of matching velours trimmed with petersham is by Worth



Final word on the east-to-west line is given by John Cavanagh with this greatcoat of Keith & Henderson's beige cavalry twill, its width underlined by the channel-seamed yoke. The bracelet length sleeves have cuffs of beaver which also make the collar. Dress of floating tobacco chiffon (*detail alongside*) with bloused back and pleated skirt emphasizes again the trend towards lightweight fabrics used as companions to heavy outer cloths. Hat by Reed Crawford made in beige velvet, strongly reminiscent of the wartime forage cap







## *The gleaming fabrics*

**Opulence** is achieved in the current collections with a lavish use of fabulous fabrics, furs and jewelled embroidery, the special forte of Norman Hartnell who has the largest embroidery workroom in London. This blouse is entirely embroidered with glittering bugle beads simulating leopard skin. It is designed to be worn with a Vandyke brown velvet suit and is for the slim, the chic and—it follows—the very rich girl about town.



**Simplicity** of design in this short dinner dress from Michael of Carlos Place—most avant garde tailor in town—offsets the splendour of the Bianchini Florentine brocade of which it is made. This fabric, woven in gold and silver thread with crimson and black silk, was to be seen later at many of the leading Paris houses.

## **NEW masters**

*continued*

**Magnificence** from Hardy Amies (opposite) with a Czarist Russian jacket topping a décolleté short evening dress of Hurel's black and white silk chiné ottoman. The dress has a strapless bodice cut low and tightly fitted. The full jacket, anticipating the Boyar treatment given to the Paris collection of Nina Ricci, is richly lined with black mink.

Hardy Amies





## *The traditional romantics*

NEW masters  
*continued*

Costly silk brocades, velvets and taffetas imported from France are the choice for this season's ball dresses. Mattli used Staron's lovely silk brocade woven in shades of violet and pale green for the evening dress (*below, left*) ankle-length and low-backed. He chose a simple design to show the brocade to its best advantage and completed the low sweep of the bodice at the back with a brief sash. Yards of golden yellow silk ottoman were chosen by Owen Hyde-Clarke at Worth for the dramatic evening coat (*below*) teamed with a sheath of vivid lime yellow velvet. The dress is strapless and belted with a wide sash of the silk. The coat buttons at the throat, coolie fashion, and has frogged fastenings of yellow passementerie. The ball dress in white pure silk taffeta (*opposite*) is in the true tradition of the House of Stiebel, combining romanticism with a high degree of sophistication. All the jewellery shown on these and the preceding pages is by Vendôme



Victor Stehl





concluded

*The horizontal line*

Channel seaming, false waistlines and accentuated hiplines give an illusion of width to suits that reflect the flat, broad look of the chunky greatcoats. Ronald Paterson secured width with a deep hem at the edge of the three-quarter jacket (*opposite*) topping a half-and-half dress. Beige shorn French wool makes the hip-high skirt and the long loose jacket with magyar sleeves, while the long bodice gathered at the natural waist by a rouleau tie is made of double beige chiffon. The sugar-loaf hat in toning felt was designed by James at Ronald Paterson



**Illusion** of width is created by John Cavanagh by repeating with channel seaming the wide shoulder yoke that he showed in his greatcoat in this suit of mustard yellow tweed trimmed with leopard. The cardigan-style jacket tops a barely-to-the-kneecap skirt, cut straight and gently gathered at the waist. He gratifies a personal passion for startling colour contrasts by designing a blouse of paw-paw pink silk satin to be worn with the suit. Reed Crawford made the yellow velour hat

**Flair** for tailoring that is typical of Michael is evidenced by this tunic dress of black French wool flecked with white and topped by a three-quarter length jacket. The designer creates emphatic horizontals with broad seaming, a massive calf belt and a wide parapet neckline. The jacket is lined throughout with black and white kid, the fur which was also used by Graham Smith when he made the hat



## LORD KILBRACKEN

Let your house-guests *participate*

OVER the past ten years I have developed a technique as host which I think I should now pass on to other owners of large, semi-derelict country houses with farmland attached to them. Mine tends to be bleak and empty through the black months of winter, but with the coming of spring, friends and relations and even slight acquaintances tend to suggest themselves for nights, weekends, weeks or months, and I never like to say no. Killegar's population reaches its annual peak at the present time of year, when everyone (it seems) is on holiday. I have under my roof at present nine adults and five children, besides several dogs, a cat, several ghosts and an itinerant brood of chickens.

Fortunately the summer season, when Killegar is at its best in demand as a refuge, is also the time when we are busiest on the farm—what with the silage, and the hay-making, and the shows, and the harvest. The basic solution to the problem "*How can I afford my house-guests?*" is therefore self-evident: MAKE THEM WORK. This, however, at certain times and in particular with certain guests, is not entirely easy, and psychology and cunning have to be employed. I claim to be expert at this.

There are of course certain professions whose followers are *ipso facto* suitable, and always welcome guests. Chief of these, apart from millionaires and publishers, are architects and interior decorators, of whom I happily count several among my friends. It's easy enough to get them to advise, as a *quid pro quo* in return for my hospitality, on how the roof can be made to stop leaking, or on a colour-scheme for the dining-room; or even to prepare a blue-print for the extension to the cow-byre which I have in mind at present. That is pleasant, but true exploitation of one's guests takes things a step further: they must be made to *build* the extension, to *paint* the dining-room, to *mend* the roof themselves.

It is usually enough to suggest to them that

the perfect holiday relaxation is to undertake for a change the simple manual labour (devoid of brainwork) which they are accustomed, professionally, to supervising in others. And thus, I tell them blandly, they will also acquire a fuller and more practical experience of their employees' problems and difficulties.

In the decorating line, much can still be done anyway with the old Tom Sawyer approach of "It's *fun* to paint a fence." Similarly hay-making, I find, presents no real problem, partly because townspeople actually *like* to be out in the fields when the sun is shining, and partly because of the whole haymaking *mystique* which implies, not without truth, that it would be heretical, or even blasphemous, to lie prostrate doing nothing when there's hay to be won. The surest way of ensnaring your guests is to propose, at lunchtime, a picnic in the meadows, which no one can ever resist. Get them there by three o'clock, look anxiously at the clouds (there'll always be a cloud *somewhere*), shove a hayfork in their hands, and you have free labour for four hours, with a quick break of 20 minutes for tea and tomato sandwiches.

Much the same tactic can be employed at harvest. If my house-guests have a mechanical turn of mind—or if they can even drive a car—it is usually easy to find a rewarding pastime for them. (Rewarding for *me*, I mean.) I simply teach them to drive the tractor, which only takes ten minutes. People *love* driving the tractor. It gives them a sense of power—for a week or so anyway—and there are many simple but valuable operations that they can instantly perform for me. They feel, at the same time, that I am doing them a favour by allowing them to have fun. Ploughing is usually too difficult; but anyone can use a grass-harrow, or a roller, or take milk to the creamery, and I once inveigled a distinguished barrister into discing my stubbles for a morning and two afternoons.

Hereunder, prompted by the Visitors' Book

(which tells no lies), I quote some of my triumphs.

Helen Hoke Watts, powerful publisher-cum-author from Manhattan, docilely Snowcemmed the four white columns outside the french windows—which made her a columnist as well.

Terry Barry, art student from Cork, white-washed the whole yard and painted the main gates yellow.

Daithi Hanly, eminent Dublin architect, invisibly mended my great-grandfather, whose statue had been knocked off its pedestal and shattered into 61 pieces by another house-guest's infant.

Patricia Leatham, actress and choreographer (*inter alia*) from Cleveland, Ohio, and Jessica Jenkins, English teacher at St. Paul's, together repainted the saloon, even including the ceiling. The same Patricia Leatham also (a) started a herb garden and (b) developed a new refinement in the manufacture of cream cheese.

Orin Tovrov, radio scriptwriter from Cape Cod, competently exterminated vermin.

Adrienne Ring, top Dublin model-girl (ex Dior, &c.), decoratively (and ably) operated the hay-rake for much of an afternoon.

Haymakers, harvest-helpers, assistant cooks and deputy washers-up have been far too numerous to mention individually.

A final point arises. When one's house-guests are gainfully employed in such ways it is often legitimate, and even legal, to charge to one's farm account for purposes of income tax the cost of feeding them and lodging them and entertaining them (or part of it anyway), since they are receiving these perquisites in lieu of wages—or so one says. Bearing this in mind, it seems to me on reflection that it is no longer a matter of whether I can afford my guests. It is rather a question of whether I can afford *not* to have them—and, in view of the uses I put them to, whether *they* can afford *me*.





Left: The Aga Khan Trophy was won by the Argentine team. Mr. Pedro Mayorga, the captain, received it from Eire's President, Mr. De Valera



Miss Diana Kirkpatrick rode in the Ladies' Hunter class—she hunts with the Co. Down Staghounds. With her is Major J. Corbett from Co. Down

## Show week in Dublin

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES C. FENNELL



The Hon. William (Judge) Wylie, who retired this year as chairman of the Dublin Horse Show, which he largely built up



Lt.-Col. Walter Royston-Pigott, with his bay gelding Pegasus who won at the show ridden by Mrs. Shelagh Bewley. He saved the horse from going to the Continent for slaughter





Mrs. Nancy Tollit, from Winchcombe, Glos., rode the champion *Perb*. It is owned by Mr. Nat Galway-Greer

## Colleens at the Royal Meath ball



Miss Virginia Freeman-Jackson whose father is joint-Master of the *Duhallow*



Lady Violet Vernon of Boxldown Farm, Tetbury, competed in the *Ladies' Hunter Competition*



Miss Carole Pilkington who came out during the week of the *Dublin Horse Show*



Mrs. Eisabel Lee, racehorse-owner, from Belfast. The ball was held at the *Gresham*



The *Knight of Glin*, on vacation from Harvard, with the Hon. Mrs. Desmond Guinness



Donna Francesca Caracciolo, daughter of Don Ferdinando Caracciolo, Co. Dublin



# ELEMENTARY

## BOOK-KEEPING *in ten chapters*

AUTHOR: ILSE GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY DON JARVIS

FIRST POPULAR EDITION

### Preface

*"No furniture," said Sydney Smith, "is so charming as books." And, with 20,000 new titles and reprints published every year, none tends to multiply so fast. The modern home, instead of crowding them all into one room, distributes them all over the house in places where you are most likely to read them*

## Chapter I

Swedish-designed aluminium shelving brackets (opposite) can be used for wood, metal or glass shelves. They come in various types and finishes and also as free-standing, floor-to-ceiling brackets. (From Tebrax Ltd., 161 Borough High Street, London, S.E.1). The Spider bookrest (on top shelf), for those who don't like to hold their books, folds away when not in use (from Harrods and leading stores). The metal bookends, in blue and white, come from Betty Hope, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3

## Chapter III

With the aid of plants and sculpture, books in the living-room can become the focal point—especially now that publishers are vying with each other to produce the brightest dust-jackets. One way to display them at their most effective is in these separate units (right), made of seasoned African walnut. They have adjustable shelves and can be used singly or added to, vertically or horizontally. (From Florence Conran, 6 Cadogan Lane, S.W.1).

The pottery is from the Craftsmen Potters' Shop, Lowndes Court, W.1

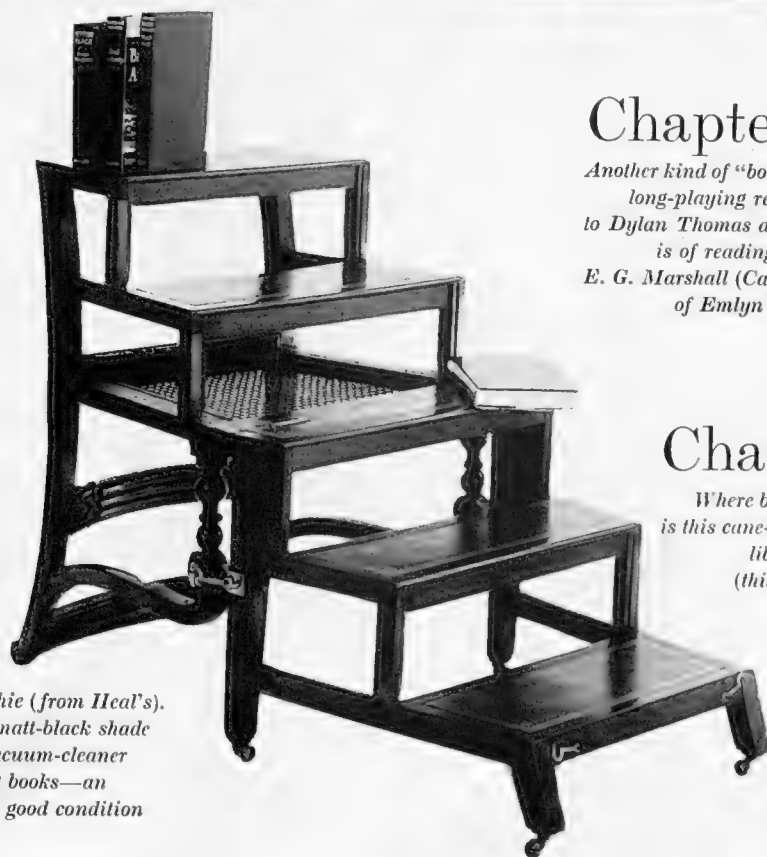


## Chapter IV

Another kind of "book" with decorative possibilities is the listening-to variety on long-playing records. The choice ranges from the Bible and Shakespeare to Dylan Thomas and E. M. Forster. The record on the top shelf (opposite) is of readings from James Joyce's *Ulysses* by Siobhan McKenna and E. G. Marshall (Caedmon TC1063), and the one on the bottom shelf is of Emlyn Williams reading from Charles Dickens (*Argo* RG231/2)

## Chapter V

Where books are too high to reach, a handsome companion is this cane-seated chair which opens into a pair of library steps. A period piece, it may be hard to find (this one came from Harrods) and so far no one has designed an equally elegant modern equivalent



## Chapter VI

Books need accessories. Examples: A desk lamp that makes for easier reading as well as ornament is this one (opposite, left) by Clay Michie (from Heal's). Both the stainless-steel arm and the matt-black shade are adjustable. The Siroma hand vacuum-cleaner is a new and efficient way of dusting books—an essential if you want to keep them in good condition

## Chapter VII

A book at bedtime is no luxury if it's uncomfortable to hold. There is a Five Way convertible table (from Harrods) with a bookrest to avoid this problem. It can also be used as a bedtable, bed cradle, back rest and leg rest. For invalids, there is an electric gadget which turns pages when the patient presses a button (with arm or leg). From V. E. Weston & Co., Canning Road, Wealdstone, Middx



## Chapter VIII

*In the study, reference books should be within reach from the desk. This teak-veneered unit (right) neatly combines desk and bookcase. Sliding tambour doors cover the pigeonholes for stationery and the desk top pulls out, leaving knee-space underneath. Of Danish design, it has a matching bookcase and a dresser unit. (From Heal's Continental furniture department)*



## Chapter IX

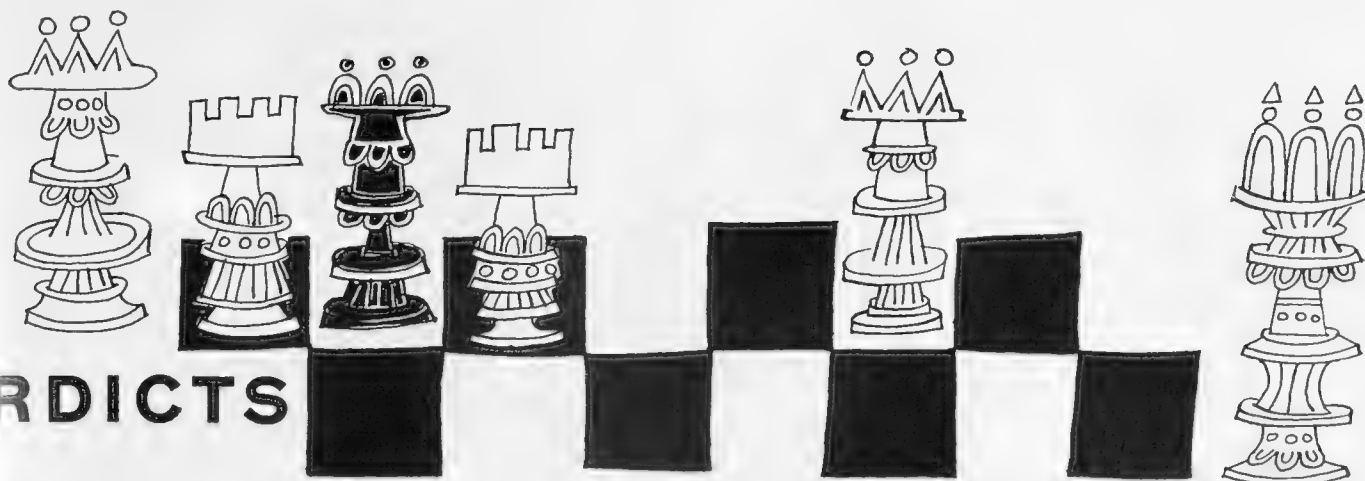
*In the kitchen is where cookery books belong (the best ones make good reading too). A wall bracket keeps them out of the way, yet handy. This one (left), in white painted metal, is collapsible and has adjustable shelves. A piece of glass or Formica on the shelf would stop narrow books from falling through. (From Heal's Craftsmen's Market; cookery books from Foyle's)*



## Chapter X

*In a child's room a combined desk, storage cupboard and bookshelf wall-unit (below) helps to keep things tidy without filching floor space. It is made of plastic-coated metal "ladder" brackets with separate components from a wide interchangeable range (including a bar and a record cabinet). This Swedish-designed range, called "String," is imported by Swedia Imports Ltd. (available at leading stores)*





# VERDICTS

*The play* **Tomorrow With Pictures!** Duke of York's Theatre. (Irene Dailey, James Patterson, James Villars, Marjorie Hawtrey.)

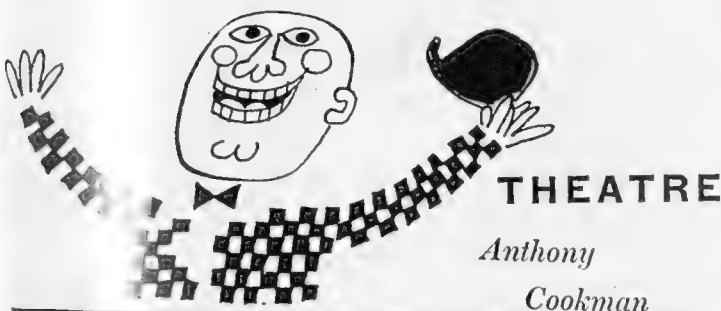
*The films* **Il Tetto.** Director Vittorio de Sica. (Gabiella Pallotta, Giorgio Listuzzi, Gastone Renzelli.)  
**Eternal Ecstasy.** Director Gérard Oury. (Macha Meril, Jacques Charrier, Paulette Dubost, Alfred Adam.)  
**Dentist In The Chair.** Director Don Chaffey. (Bob Monkhouse, Peggy Cummins, Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.)

*The books* **Gone Away,** by Dom Moraes. (MacGibbon and Kee, 18s.)  
**Venice,** by James Morris. (Faber, 30s.)  
**The Watcher In The Shadows,** by Geoffrey Household (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

**Sleep Long My Love,** by Hillary Waugh. (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)  
**The Cheerful Day,** by Nan Fairbrother. (Hogarth, 18s.)  
**From Dearest Mum,** by Hazel Thurston. (Chapman and Hall, 18s.)

*The records* **Spirituals to Swing,** Vols. 1 & 2, presented by John Hammond.  
**The Cool Scene,** an album.  
**New York, N.Y.,** by George Russell.  
**A Good Git-Together,** by Jon Hendricks.

*The galleries* **Francis Hayman, R.A.,** Kenwood.



## An orchestra of words

I HAVE HEARD IT SAID THAT IF tragedy came back into fashion now the modern actress would be out of training for the job. She would not have the physical staying power to sustain parts like those of Medea and Hecuba. But look at Miss Irene Dailey. In **Tomorrow With Pictures!** at the Duke of York's she has what must be one of the longest parts ever written for a woman. She stands up to it superbly as though she were conducting an orchestra of words and had only to wave her wand to make them play for ever. As an exhibition of sheer power it is in itself enough to refute the suggestion that the actress of today has not the stamina for a tragic part. The pity is that so

much power should be spent on a somewhat hollow theme. A strenuously wise-cracking, tough business girl from America, evidently meant to embody the national passion for material success, is shown gradually developing into a fully fledged Swinburnian *femme fatale*. She brings disaster to most of the men who cross her path on the way to the top and is left in the end facing the Nemesis of those who have thrown away love. Miss Dailey is the most polished exponent of the Method school so far to be seen in London and she gets deeply enough into the skin of this character to bring poignantly home in the final scene the pathos of this woman's realization that within her

chromium-plated armour there is only a wilful, destructive and intensely selfish child.

The play is immensely repetitive, but the story it tells is essentially a simple one. Jasmine Adair comes to London to launch a smart new magazine. She moves in a whirlwind of notoriety and has just married a newspaper proprietor, a dim creature, the mere shadow of the tycoon-

ish father from whom he has inherited his newspaper property. Jasmine runs his paper for him. The tycoon unexpectedly leaves his fortune to his grandson. Naturally she makes it her business to get at the fortune through this entirely amoral and decidedly witty young decadent. He proves more elusive than she had thought possible. When her husband walks out on her,



BRIEF CONCORD for two characters from **Tomorrow With Pictures!**: the chromium-plated career woman, Irene Dailey, and James Patterson, as the semi-drunken journalist who is fascinated by her in spite of himself



to preserve his self respect, which she is taking from him, she finds that her armour is pierced. Not only does the amoral son side with his father and so close her hopes of securing control of his newspaper, she discovers, to her horror, that she has made the fatal mistake of falling in love with her own husband. His refusal to return to her causes her fighting spirit suddenly to break and she is at the end of her tether, deserted even by the parasitical lover she has brought with her from America, an ageing and a lonely woman who has spent her all on a false ideal of success in life.

The authors of this piece are Mr. Anthony Creighton (Mr. John Osborne's collaborator in his best play, *Epitaph for George Dillon*) and Mr. Bernard Miller. When it was first seen at Hammersmith it was of inordinate length and it was only just possible for its first critics to perceive that there was a quite good play lurking among all the showy irrelevancies and needless repetitions. Before being transferred

to the West End, it was cut and tightened and considerably improved. It could do with still more cutting and, perhaps, even with a little more clarifying at certain points, but it has now become a viable and recommendable entertainment. The acting of the leading lady is, of course, the chief attraction, but she gets excellent support. There is another good example of Method acting in Mr. James Patterson's vivid sketch of the young journalist who knows the rules for success, is not strong enough to put his knowledge to account, and prefers to remain a semi-drunken observer of the emotional confusion that his mistress scatters about her as she makes her ruthless way to the top. Mr. James Villiers is consistently entertaining as the decadent youth with a deceptively soft exterior and a diamond hard centre, and Miss Marjorie Hawtrey, when at last she is allowed to escape from burlesque, touches disillusioned old age with a tender and revealing hand.

the cast-list—but I daresay he'll be around as *The Mightiest Viking Of Them All*. Films of this kind, I am told, are immensely popular among the kids, who lap up the old hocus-pocus as if it were hokey-pokey: grown-ups are liable to be overcome with waves of ennui and to pray quietly for something less lush. For them I have good news.

Out from behind the current batch of stupendous-colossals creeps Signor Vittorio de Sica's *Il Tetto* (*The Roof*)—a modest film in black and white, made four years ago. It is a powerful reminder of how effective were the neo-realistic, shot-on-a-shoe-string films with which the Italian cinema staged a come-back after the war.

Signor de Sica has, in fact, returned to the technique he used in *The Bicycle Thieves*: his players are largely non-professional and his simple story of poor but warm-hearted people has the streets of Rome as its background. One can't help believing it is true to life—though, also, one can't help noting the director's cunning and skill.

A young bricklayer (Signor Giorgio Listuzzi) marries a seventeen-year-old girl (Signorina Gabriella Pallotta) and takes her to live with his family in an already overcrowded two-roomed flat. They have no privacy and the inevitable family rows threaten to wreck their marriage. They must have a place of their own—but the flats they view, even the condemned ones, are beyond their means.

By chance, they discover a colony of tiny, box-like brick shanties, built on waste land near the railway-tracks. It is strictly illegal to build here, but once the house is up and has a roof and a door, the police are powerless to evict the occupants. All will be well for the young couple if, helped by friends and relatives, they can build a complete little house over-night, when there are no police about.

Their first attempt is frustrated by a jealous neighbour: their second is fraught with such excitement and catastrophe that one is personally gripped by panic as the dawn

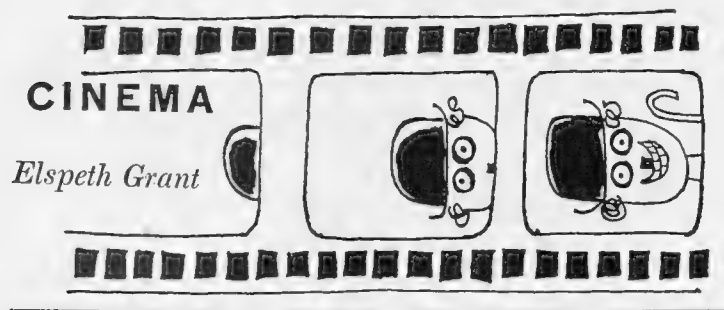
comes and the police patrol approaches over the hill—while a gap still yawns in the gabled roof, and the one window is no more than a hole in the wall. It appears that the Italian cop is more compassionate than most—or is the ending Signor de Sica's concession to the sentimentalists among us? This is anyway a charming, compassionate film, well worth seeing.

The catch-penny title, *Eternal Ecstasy*, hints at goodness knows what erotic orgies—and has nothing at all to do with the content of this immensely cynical, but withal entertaining, French film. It has the construction—though not the quality—of *La Ronde*. A trusting, middle-aged woman (touchingly played by Mlle. Paulette Goddard) is meanly tricked out of her savings by an unscrupulous married man in his late forties (M. Alfred Adam).

He gives the money to his very young mistress (Mlle. Macha Meril) so that she can pay for the illegal operation she has tearfully told him is necessary. She is not, in fact, pregnant and hasn't a care in the world—but she has a young and handsome lover (M. Jacques Charrier) with whom she hopes to take a holiday in Italy. She hands him the money to buy a motorcycle.

He has other plans—involving a plain but fabulously rich girl (Mlle. Franca Bettoja). To impress her, he gives her the money as a little *cadeau*—doubtless arguing to himself that it's a good investment, as if she marries him she will doubtless keep him in luxury for the rest of his life. She sees clear through him—and is merely taking him for a ride. The ending—with the re-appearance of the trusting widow—has a certain twilight melancholy: the rest of the film is sufficiently amoral to merit its "X" certificate.

In *Dentist In The Chair*, Mr. Bob Monkhouse plays a jolly dental student whose part-time job—or hobby?—is embalming. (I had better warn all ghouls that we never actually see him at it: it's just a fragrant thought thrown in, presumably, to give the picture additional appeal.)



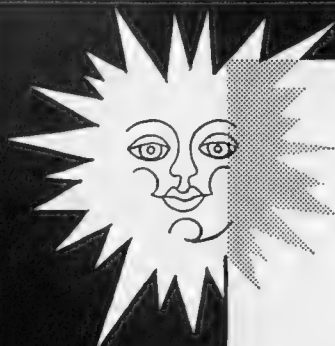
## Compassion and the cops

THE ITALIAN FILM INDUSTRY in recent years has thrown itself headlong into Graeco-Roman history and mythology and has given us any number of interminable epics—most of them dedicated to the exploitation of Mr. Steve (Muscles) Reeves in an extremely curt kilt. Let's see: there was *Steve Reeves Unchained*, I think—and then (surely?) *Steve Reeves of Marathon*,

among others. The heart lifted at the prospect of *The Last Days of Steve Reeves*—but it turned out to be only of *Pompeii* and Mr. Reeves was one of the few citizens to survive, darn it.

Now the Unitalia studio has started work on a spectacular film with the title *L'ultimo dei Vichinghi* (*The Last of the Vikings*) shot in Totalscope-Eastmancolor.

I do not see Mr. Reeves's name in



## FOND DE TEINT SOLAIRE-MAT

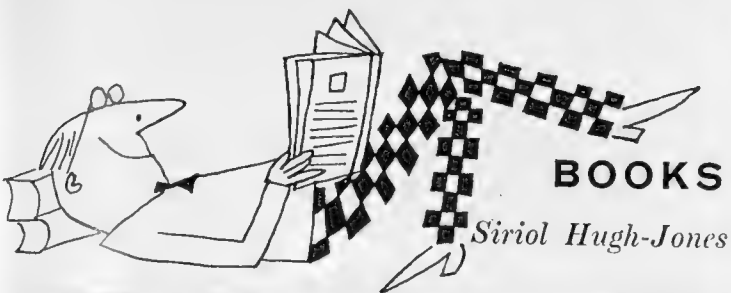
NEW TWO IN ONE FORMULA!

A NON SHINE SUNTAN CREAM AND MAKE-UP BASE

Wear alone as a flattering mat suntan cream,  
or as a protective foundation, with cream  
rouge and powder. In Four Tempting Shades.

# LANCÔME





## The knee-tapping Dalai Lama

DOM MORAES IS A YOUNG INDIAN poet who was until recently an undergraduate at Oxford, then returned to India and wrote an account of his travels called *Gone Away*.

This funny, touching, ironic and extremely intelligent book, written with a sharp eye, a warm heart and a faintly infuriating manner of concealing a profound allegiance under an umbrella of wit, grace and fluent talk, appealed to me enormously because of the impression it conveys of the personality of the young author—bright and lively as a squirrel, subject to moods and depression, like any traveller, marvellously equipped to stumble over the bizarre and the ridiculous as well as the five-star travel-book essential in the interviews (the interview with Nehru is wholly, wryly done—among the best). Mr. Moraes writes the liveliest kind of dialogue—for which I am always deeply grateful in a travel book—and is a dab hand at isolating the strange, sometimes appalling sensations suffered by the novice-interviewer. At one point he is ploughing a touch wildly through an interview with the Dalai Lama, who keeps uttering pronouncements the interpreter jibs at, and tapping Mr. Moraes on the knee to drive points home. Mr. Moraes edges up the sofa to avoid possible sacrilege in allowing the Dalai Lama to tap him on the knee. The Dalai Lama, tapping away, kindly edges along too. "There was not much of my thought left free for me to feel irritated with," says the author, "but I managed." That's just what every interviewer knows.

He is also capable of such magnificent solemn-spoof sentences as "Day had come up over Kanchenjunga and there was a flavour of snow, woodsmoke and herbs in the sunlight. I dressed and sat on the terrace, drinking brandy, watching the bazaar wake up and reading *The Memoirs Of Hadrian*." I love this buoyant exuberant, beady-eyed and, somewhere, romantic (plus not

a little disenchantment) book, and, if it were not true and about a journey and people, it would be the best intelligent, witty, light fiction of the week.

James Morris is the sort of rare writer who, for me, ennobles the craft of journalism into an art. He has a calm, inquiring, agile mind, a way of thinking that is witty and unexpected, and a prose style that I can read for ever with the greatest possible happiness. He is also a man of courage and resourcefulness, who not only dares a book on *Venice*—under just that title, nothing fancy thank you—but arrives at a new approach and a vastly personal point of view. This is a book that avoids the beaten, not to say battered, track, and also totally neglects the café-society aspect of that gossipy city. *Venice* and Mr. Morris evidently entered into a profound and pleasing personal relationship, and in some ways this is like nothing so much as a greatly entertaining, smooth and gimlet-eyed, but charitable and tender too, biography of a living person.

Briefly... Geoffrey Household's *The Watcher in the Shadows* is a manhunt piece in this author's coolest and most elegant manner, the sort of book in which even the villains behave like adorably old-fashioned officers and gentlemen and which can truly best be described by those period but nevertheless sincere and ringing words like super and spilling. I stayed with it without a break to the breathless and still thoroughly gentlemanly end, when the best gentleman won and I was delighted.

*Sleep Long My Love* by Hillary Waugh is a dark and I don't doubt truthfully dispiriting police-chase after the man who popped most of his girl-friend into the trunk and roasted the rest. It is American, and I suspect it is purely frivolous for me to prefer those transatlantic bloods which take place in ritzy surroundings with actresses and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 362



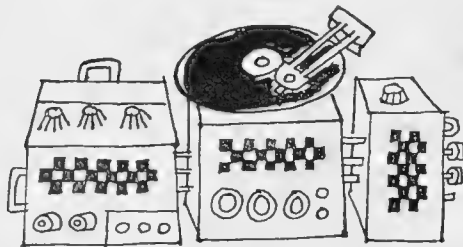
CAMBODIA QUEST. Dancer of the Royal Khm Ballet (top) and the oarsmen celebrating the Fête des Eaux at Phnom Penh are from Mistapim in Cambodia by Christopher Pym (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.), published this week. The boat races of Fête des Eaux mark the season when water stops flowing from the River Mekong to Cambodia's Great Lake and turns seaward again



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 361  
martinis thick under foot. . . . **The Cheerful Day** by Nan Fairbrother is a first-person account of how the author brought up her two sons in London, and though I had no reason to suppose it wasn't all exactly like that, somehow the narrative lulled me into a trance-like state of boredom. Mrs. Fairbrother is a little bit arch, a little bit pedestrian, and finally one can't quite think why one is following the London life of Peter and John

rather than that of a million other nice boys. . . . And **From Dearest Mum** by Hazel Thurston is a pleasant, light, shrewd and agreeably dry-voiced account of a Greek cruise, modest and unassuming and written in the form of a running letter home. For escapologists who have no outlet but to read travel in the bath while listening to the rain on the roof, this is no bad bet.

So who has not yet read *Wake Up, Stupid*?



## RECORDS

Gerald  
Lascelles

### The wildest of all

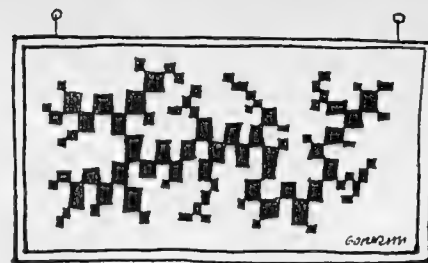
IN 1938, AN UNKNOWN JAZZ FAN, John Hammond, slightly eccentric, even in the eyes of his friends, decided to present a concert to illustrate the development of American music from spirituals to swing. You could almost describe it as a preview of the postwar *Jazz At The Philharmonic* concerts, except that the acceptance of jazz was much more widespread by 1950 and the sacred portals of New York's Carnegie Hall had only twice before suffered a jazz invasion. The most remarkable and fortunate thing is that, still ten years before the advent of the long-playing record, Hammond had the foresight to record the concert for his own private use. Excerpts of this, and the second concert organized in 1939, form the contents of the two albums just released by Top Rank (35/064 and 35/065).

They both brim over with historical interest and that special quality which is imbued into any live recording of this sort. One must excuse the erratic quality of the recording, which has been carefully revamped and edited from the original much-worn acetates. The background and detail of these memorable concerts have been well annotated, in fact better than any other albums I have come across, so that the vital details of what Hammond describes as "the wildest of all jam sessions in my memory" are preserved for posterity. Apart from the Basie band making their first public appearance, Goodman was there with Charlie Christian, that noble trio of boogie pianists, Lewis, Johnson and Ammons, Ida Cox and Big Bill Broonzy representing the blues singers, The Golden Gate Quartet and Mitchell's Christian Singers taking care of the spirituals.

On the strength of his success as a spotter of jazz talent, John Hammond was appointed an executive of Columbia Records, and was responsible not only for bringing many obscure artists to the studios, but also promoted many jazzmen, such as Basie, to obtain early recognition. It would be a serious omission not to mention that Sidney Bechet's New Orleans Feetwarmers played a prominent part at the first concert, which proved to be trumpeter Tommy Ladnier's last known appearance before his death a few weeks later.

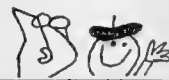
Warner Bros., who have been active in the American recording scene for a few years, now have their interests in England represented by Decca. Their first jazz release (WS8005) gets them off to an uncomfortable start, so far as this critic is concerned. As if **The Cool Scene** was not a forbidding title, they have chosen the subtitle *Twelve new ways to fly*. The dozen groups involved never once get off the ground, but plough their devious ways more deeply into the morass of ponderous arranged jazz which is the direct product of the Kenton school.

Less caution is needed to enjoy George Russell's lively variations within his group. Their tribute to **New York, N.Y.** (LAT8333) features good soloists of the modern school, and a very different idea of what constitutes an arrangement for jazz band and soloists. Jon Hendricks speaks two introductions on this album, but I prefer him as a singer in **A Good Git-together** (LAE12231). There is a refreshing funky atmosphere about his music which I like, and no one could possibly fail to enjoy his special line of sharp lyric-writing.



## GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



### Summer at Hampstead

BEFORE AN INVITATION FROM THE Curator of the Iveagh Bequest took me to Hampstead to see the *Paintings, Drawings and Prints by Francis Hayman, R.A., 1708-1776*, collected together for a special summer exhibition, I had almost forgotten how many and varied are the delights of Kenwood.

In 1925, after a Kenwood Preservation Society had been struggling for years to save the estate from being sold as building lots, the house and park were bought by the First Earl of Iveagh, whose fortune came from the Guinness breweries. Only two years later, however, Lord Iveagh died and left it all to the nation.

So here, for your delectation in the most pleasurable surroundings, are a magnificent self-portrait from Rembrandt's maturity, an impeccably preserved Vermeer, *The Guitar Player*, a fine Hals portrait, superb seascapes by Van de Velde and Aelbert Cuyp, and important works by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, Van Dyck, Guardi and others.

With all these counter-attractions *en route*, a major effort of will was needed even to reach the Hayman exhibition which is attractively arranged, in felicitous conjunction with gold and silver from Goldsmiths Hall, on the first floor.

Hayman was no great innovator but, as can be seen in the *Family Group* (No. 5 in the catalogue of the present exhibition), painted in the late 1740's, he did add his own modicum of elegance to the art of the "conversation piece" that Hogarth had done much to popularise. And, bearing in mind that he was 19 years older than Gainsborough, one might fairly draw the conclusion that he had some influence on the younger man's initial development. For, although there may be no documentary proof of such influence, there is an undeniable similarity between the best of Hayman's portrait groups and some early Gainsboroughs.

This is apparent not only in the poses of so many individual figures but also in the spatial relationship between the groups and the landscape settings in canvases like the Jacob Family—a picture that was for some time attributed to Gainsborough and of which Horace Walpole said that it was easily distinguishable as a Hayman "by

the large noses and shambling legs."

The large noses, incidentally, are not confined to the Jacob Family but curiously adorn almost every one of Hayman's sitters, including himself in his *Portrait Of The Artist At His Easel*. (This latter is all the more remarkable because in the likeness of him painted by Reynolds, and included in this show, Hayman is seen to have had a proboscis of normal proportions). Coupled with a penchant for big, bovine eyes, this inexplicable enlargement of nasal organs makes almost the entire gallery of Hayman's women look like sisters of Hogarth's *Peg Woffington*.

Much of the resemblance between Hayman and early Gainsborough must be explained by the influence of the French illustrator, Gravelot, upon both of them. Gainsborough was a pupil of his and Hayman frankly imitated him at times. In any case, Gainsborough soon outstripped the older artist in the pursuit of elegance and, while he found favour among the aristocracy and landed gentry, Hayman's comparatively few portrait commissions came from middle class families.

However he had many interests other than portraiture. His reputation during his lifetime rested largely upon his essays in the already moribund art of the historical picture, and he made something of a name for himself with paintings of theatrical scenes and with his decorations for Vauxhall Gardens.

At Kenwood, examples of all these classes of his work are to be seen. Of the Vauxhall decorations, those here are large canvases (approximately 4 ft. 6 ins by 8 ft.) in which he betrays his early experience as a scenic artist at Drury Lane, the three called *Leap Frog*, *Bird Catching* and *Wapping Landlady*.

From the vaults of the Tate Gallery comes the best painted of the theatre pictures, *The Wrestling Scene* from *As You Like It*, and from the Garrick Club the often reproduced *Spranger Barry and Mrs. Elmy in Hamlet*.

The history painting is represented by a large *Finding Of The Infant Moses*, to which a considerable extra interest attaches as the result of a note in the well-informed catalogue to the effect that there are probably many unrecognised Hayman histories still to be found.

## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

THE 9TH KENSINGTON ANTIQUES Fair opening at Kensington Town Hall today until 8 September, has achieved a congenially Bohemian reputation in its comparatively brief life. This is due partly to the Fair's informal atmosphere and partly to the annual party on the eve of the opening when exhibitors costumed as Christopher Wren, Samuel Johnson and other worthies may be met with wining and dining in appropriate surroundings. A further touch of the exotic is provided by the fact that among the costumed revellers there is usually at least one concert singer from Paris or refugee from Hungary who has made good over here in the antique trade.

Many of the exhibits are no less unexpected—ranging from an 18th-century, carved wood Russian coat of arms, measuring 4 foot square, to a 1668 copy of *Four Centuries Of Select Hymns*, bearing the bookplate of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania.

Among more conventional items to be seen is the delightful little writing desk, in mahogany, for a lady (*left*), known, surprisingly to the layman, as a Davenport. The name comes from a Captain Davenport for whom Gillows of Lancaster made such a desk at the end of the 18th century. It dates from the Sheraton period and is only 36 in. high at the back and 21 in. deep by 20 in. wide. Davenports became very popular towards the middle of the 19th century, but mahogany specimens dating from Sheraton's time are not to be found every day. It can be yours for £45.

Unconventional, even bizarre, but essentially inexpensive seems to sum up the exhibits at the Fair. There is something for everyone, at prices from a few shillings to a few hundred pounds—curios, by-gones, jewellery, porcelain, and even silver-plated spoons for each new born babe aspiring to the Dukeries.

For relief from Rheumatism,  
Arthritis, Neuritis

VISIT

**THE PALACE HOTEL**  
**MEGGIORATO**  
**ABANO TERME**

near Padua and Venice • First Class

NATURAL MUD TREATMENT—THERMAL  
BATHS—INHALATIONS in our own Cure  
Department of the Hotel.

LARGE PARK—THERMAL SWIMMING POOL

Man: A. Ronchi

Write CHARIG LTD. (Est. 1896), 38 Old  
Bond Street, W.1. Hyde Park 3249.

AT ANY AGE nothing is more important than  
the right career. Consult the Vocational  
Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street,  
London, W.1. Tel.: WELbeck 8017.

LADIES, have your own material made  
an expert Paris Designer just returned from  
Continent with a collection of the latest  
Evening gowns & Sportswear  
English women. Paris Model  
Street, W.1.

ABERSOCH. Furnished  
Self-contained converted  
grounds to beach house  
Every Mod. Con.  
Abersoch 111.

FRESH PICKED  
greeting include  
FREESIA GP  
Glos.

'WHICH?'  
wish to buy  
monthly  
Annual 5  
333 High

ISOBEL  
No? W?  
112 Hs  
details.

ELEGANT  
TURE  
lined.  
cabinet  
wardrobe  
any pie

A YO  
scholar,  
The Stud.

INVESTMENT  
simply and  
SHILLINGS  
(free) from Sens,  
Ltd., 79 Bishopsgate

NORFOLK BROADS LUXURY COTTAGE.  
some lettings still available during summer  
season. All modern conveniences, will accom-  
modate six.—Barlow, 76 Cheyne Court, S.W.3.

heated swimming pool and squash courts  
(resident instructors). Bridge, billiards, ball-  
room, games room, tennis; 120 bedrooms,  
suites, 2 bathrooms. Conference  
Tel: Bournemouth

## Good News for Classified Advertisers!

In order to accommodate the increasing  
demand made by advertisers,  
**THE TATLER's** Classified advertisement  
columns will appear **EVERY WEEK**  
(instead of alternate weeks) as from  
the issue of 7th September, 1960.

Rate: 1/- per word (Min. 15 words) Box No. 1/6 extra.

Enquiries to: The Classified Advertisement  
Manager, "The Tatler," Ingram House,

13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi,  
London, W.C.2. Telephone:

TRAfalgar 7020.

cent posi-  
n Sands.  
Bath-  
62453

three  
past  
blend

now  
food  
many.

house  
fairfield  
t, inter-  
ine 2144.

with own  
roquet, is a  
SEASONS.  
All bedrooms  
rds. Ballroom.  
67441.

One of Ireland's  
ay, June. Champion-  
ennis, beautiful sandy  
ishing, excellent cuisine.  
ings 4.

EMBASSADEUR. Facing full  
with first class cuisine and service.  
e bathrooms and resident orchestra.  
Register. A.A. \*\*\*\*. Own beach entrance.

London, Stanhope House  
59 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7. Refined private  
hotel, with quiet atmosphere. Priv. Baths;  
garden view. Phones; gas & elec. fires. Lift.  
Dinners & Teas obtainable. Fre. 0167.

**Sylphana**  
OF  
KNIGHTSBRIDGE  
All beauty  
treatments  
FACIALS—Individual masks  
specially prepared  
SLIMMING—Tomorrow's  
techniques  
Write, call or phone  
for Free consultation  
**Sylphana**  
BEAUTY CLINIC  
7 BEAUCHAMP PLACE, S.W.3. KEN 5376

For  
friends  
at home  
and  
overseas...

... a subscription to  
THE TATLER makes  
a splendid, long-lasting  
gift—and it's so  
easy to give!

Twelve months Home: £6.5.6  
Overseas: £6.12.0  
Canada: £5.14.0

Your Newsagent will  
arrange a subscription,  
or write to: The Pub-  
lisher, Ingram House,  
13-15 John Adam St.,  
London, W.C.2



**ADVANCES**  
**£50 -**  
**£10,000**  
**without security**  
**THE EDGWARE**  
**TRUST LIMITED**  
28 MOUNT STREET  
PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1  
Telephones:  
MAYfair 0751 & HYDe Park 6452





VANDYK

**Miss Juliet Marie-Therese McLaughlin to Mr. Peter David Hamilton Oswald.** *She* is the younger daughter of the Rev. Patrick & Mrs. McLaughlin, St. Anne's House, Soho. *He* is the son of Capt. G. H. Oswald, R.N. (retd.), Invergordon



VANDYK

**Miss Valerie Bigelow Blaber to Mr. John Dalziel Beveridge Smart.** *She* is the daughter of Col. H. K. Blaber, C.B.E., Wargrave, Berks, & of Mrs. F. H. Moore, Piltown, Sussex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Beveridge Smart, Brechin, Angus

VANDYK



## Engagements



FAYER

**Miss Anne Marjorie Holden to Mr. Jeremy John Hutton.** *She* is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Holden, of Downshutt, Alderley Edge, Cheshire. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Horace Hutton, of Ollerton Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire

**Miss Sheila Mary Rose Fordyce to Mr. Jeremy Charles Peel.** *She* is the daughter of Capt. Charles & the Hon. Mrs. Fordyce, of Castle Park, Appleby, Westmorland. *He* is the only son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Charles Peel, of Glen Shee Lodge, Blairgowrie



## Scents in the shade

DON JARVIS

ON THE FRINGE of the fashionable scents are their overshadowed partners. What chance has another Chanel bottle when it's up against No. 5? Or a product from Balmain where Jolie Madame does the queening? But these hard-pressed challengers are well worth bringing out of the shadows in which they languish above. For those who favour experimenting, here is how to sample:

Up front is Patou's *Moment Suprême*, long overdue for a moment in the sun (filled by Joy)—a sophisticated flavour, faintly musky and not the costliest scent in the world: 29s. 6d. for a 4-oz. bottle. Then Chanel's *Bois des Iles*—light with woody undertones. The favourite, No. 5, has just appeared in a refill size for the purse flacon, sensibly complete with a small gilt funnel for transferring scent (32s. 6d.). Balmain's *Vent Vert* enjoys a brief

summer popularity which falls off about now. Jolie Madame is a winner all year round but *Vent Vert*, with its fresh air blast of summer green, would make a contrast to heavy winter scents. Revillon's *Carnet de Bal* (junior partner to Detchema) is an exotic, spicy scent with a merging of jasmine, rose coriander, lavender and oriental scents. Dana's *Platine* (dazzled by Tabu) sports flecks of silver but, contrary to its name, it is flowery with touches of amber and fern. Lanvin's *Arpège* isn't the only chord on the scale—*Prétexte* has a light floral tone with a cast of rose and jasmine. Guerlain's Mitsouko and No. 90 tend to run clear of *Fleur de Feu*, which is a flower recipe mingled with lily and jasmine. Lancôme prompts thoughts of *Envol* and *Magie*—but *Flèches d'Or* is today's brand of flower blend, a mixture of flowers and woods, moss and spice.

GOOD LOOKS

BY

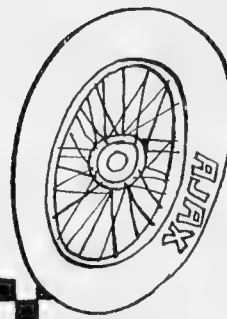
ELIZABETH

WILLIAMSON



# MOTORING

Gordon  
Wilkins



## Why silence is so elusive



*The Fiat 2100, one of the quietest family cars now on the market*

WE'RE A NOISE-CONSCIOUS generation, complaining not only about the noise of motor-cycles and jet planes but even about the birds. In Dover, the seagulls have taken to roosting on the roofs, destroying sleep so effectively that the citizens of the town are trying to drive them away. The muffin man and other old-time criers have disappeared but Parliament now debates ponderously whether the ice-cream man should be allowed to ring a bell. It all reflects the irritability engendered when too many people are crammed into a small country. Where traffic noise is concerned, one of the main culprits is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The simplest way to reduce the noise of motor-cycles would be to reduce taxes so that young people can buy cars. And the simplest way to encourage quieter cars would be to reduce the taxes that oblige people to drive little cars, thrashing

their engines up and down through the gears when they would prefer cars with big, quiet, flexible engines. In America, where vehicle and petrol taxes are only a tiny fraction of ours, all cars have ample power and are nearly as quiet as a Rolls-Royce. Indeed some technicians now argue that the best current American cars are quieter than a Rolls.

Noise in moving cars is produced by roar or whistle from the carburettor intake, the beat of the exhaust, the thrashing of the cooling fan, the sound of gears, the rush of air round the body, the squeal of tyres on corners and the whining noise made by air trapped between the blocks of the tyre tread on the straight.

Silence wastes power and costs money. Effective carburettor and exhaust silencers rob the engine of a good many horsepower, so a tax of 2s. 6d. a gallon on fuel is not likely to encourage the engineers to waste still more petrol in the pursuit of silence. But sound insulation applied to bonnet and scuttle can make a tremendous difference to the noise level inside the car. Unfortunately manufacturers are also discouraged from spending money on refinements of this kind, because every few shilling's worth of material and labour carries a burden of Purchase Tax to inflate the cost to the buyer. Hence a business has sprung up in selling sound-proofing kits for installation in the car after it is bought.

The fan is a problem in both air-cooled and water-cooled cars. If the engine is water-cooled the fan is only needed to help the air flow through the radiator when the engine is working hard at low speeds (as when accelerating or climbing hills) or when the car is stationary in traffic. But for simplicity and cheapness the fan is permanently connected, and when the car is driven fast the fan makes a lot of noise and wastes a lot of power. One solution is to drive the fan through an electro-magnetic clutch with thermostatic control so that it only connects the fan when needed. This is done on the latest Peugeots and Ferraris and it can save about 2 per cent on the petrol bill. But a

noise-conscious owner would soon lose this advantage in fuel consumption if he proceeded to eliminate another form of noise: the irritating squeal of tyres on corners, so prevalent with quality cars. By fitting Dunlop's new Elite tyre he could get rid of it all right, but the new kind of rubber that prevents tyre squeal increases rolling resistance and slightly raises fuel consumption. Fortunately the whine made by tyres travelling fast in a straight line has been cured at no cost in fuel consumption by improved tread patterns.

Motor-cycles and sports cars are a special problem. The motor-cycle is a machine built to go fast at the minimum cost and a sports car is a machine designed to produce maximum performance from a given size of engine. Silence is alien to both these enterprises. If you want sports-car performance with silence you must buy a Continental Bentley (and pay more than £2,000 in purchase tax for the privilege).

Another cause of complaint is the slamming of car doors, and this alone has been responsible for getting many car parks closed during the night, just when they could contribute to road safety by getting unlit cars off the streets. To keep out dust, draughts and water, car doors need rubber seals, which are compressed when the door closes. This usually requires a good deal of effort, which is effectively applied by slamming the door. The lighter the door the more the slamming required. A really heavy door does most of the work for you and this is one of the reasons why they close with such a quiet and satisfying click (but woe betide you if one of them traps your shins against the body sills). Any effort to make the doors lighter brings this slamming problem, and owners of cars like Rovers with light alloy doors know how easy it is for ham-fisted passengers to make dents in the panels through over-enthusiastic slamming.

When you slam a door you compress the air inside the car. On baby cars with two big doors this compression can be even enough to

hurt one's ears, because the door is so big in relation to the volume of air inside the car. Indeed on some of them it becomes difficult to shut the door at all, unless you open a window before. This will reduce the slamming required. When driving small cars I always open a window before a passenger attempts to close a door but they usually slam ferociously just the same, and it is horrifying to watch the way the door pillars are distorted by this brutal treatment.

One way of overcoming this problem of compressing the rubber seals might be a new kind of rotary action lock that screws the door into place instead of jolting it abruptly. This could be arranged by having a rotary electric lock that pulled the door shut on a quick thread as soon as contact was made. The Americans have been experimenting with electric locks for some time, but there is always the fear of being locked out of the car if the battery runs down.

Inside the car, wind noise can be very tiring at speeds over 60 m.p.h. This is a most intractable problem. Wind noise can even vary widely between two different models of basically similar shape. One of the quietest current family models is the Fiat 2100, yet it has a shape similar to many other cars. Little things have extraordinary effects and on 100 mile-an-hour cars a small deterioration in a rubber seal round a ventilating pane can produce a shrill screaming noise, because a tiny slit has developed through which air is sucked at high speed.

But as fast as we go on eliminating sources of noise we find new ones which were previously unnoticed in the general hubbub. The Rolls-Royce clock, whose quiet ticking was supposed to be more obtrusive than the noise of the engine, has already become famous. The thing I find most irritating when driving a Rolls or a Bentley is the tapping of my foot touching the accelerator pedal as I switch from brake to accelerator in heavy traffic or on winding roads. We must sound-proof those pedals! Or wear silent shoes.



## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### Help for hostesses

TIME AND TIME AGAIN, I AM ASKED for menus which help the hostess-cook to get a meal ready before her guests arrive, so she can join them for cocktails with a free mind. Casseroles, for instance, and some curries take care of themselves. But additional equipment such as an electric plate-warmer also helps. Some foods can even finish off cooking on a warmer.

Vacuum bowls for cold or hot soup are another aid. A three-pint bowl will serve eight persons. These useful bowls are often used only for soups but are just as good as tins.

Electric frypans and stewpots are also a boon. You can put a curry in an electric table pan at the last setting and leave it all the afternoon. These pans can be taken to the dining-room without the feeling that they are out of place.

Cold dishes, of course, require no last-minute attention. Chicken in aspic is one. We do not often see it, however, perhaps because the aspic frightens less experienced cooks. For them, there are no-trouble, ready-to-use aspic powders and crystals and aspic is as easily made as jelly. But here is another way:

Rinaldi, who owned a now-forgotten restaurant and was a famous chef in his day, made what I think is the best complete cold main course. At the time he gave me the recipe there were few domestic refrigerators, so that, in warm weather, the stock was strengthened with gelatine to make sure it would jell. Rinaldi used a roaster but a young boiler will do.

Start with a good-sized calf's foot. Have the butcher chop it in four. Wash the pieces well, then blanch them (place in a large pot, cover them with cold water, bring

to the boil and boil for 8 to 9 minutes.) Turn into a colander, wash well under running cold water. Return to the washed pot.

Add the chicken and giblets, two to three sliced onions, two sliced carrots, a *bouquet garni*, roughly crushed peppercorns and salt to taste, enough cold water to cover and a water glass of dry white wine. Bring to the boil, skim, then cover and simmer until the chicken is cooked.

A roaster will not require much more than an hour; a young boiler will need more than two hours. To test for readiness: move one leg away from the body; if it comes away easily, the bird is ready. When cool enough to handle, skin it. Return the skin to the pot, cover and continue to simmer the stock.

Draw the legs away from the body and joint them. Taking the thighs in one hand, gently twist and remove the bones with the other. Remove the drumstick bones in the same way. Gently prize off the breasts and any pieces that remain and remove the delicious fillets from the back with the thumbs. Return bones to the pot.

A shallowish serving-dish, large enough to contain the chicken and its garnish, is best. Slice each breast and each thigh into three fillets, each drumstick into two. For a good display, arrange them radiating from the centre of the dish, keeping them low enough to be completely

covered with the aspic later on. For six small servings, have ready cooked a packet of quick frozen peas and drain one or two cans of asparagus tips. Place tips in clumps around the pieces of chicken, with shallow heaps of the peas between them. Have tiny, skinned tomatoes at the outermost points.

Meanwhile, pour a little of the strained stock into a saucer and, when cold, put it into the refrigerator to test for setting. Continue simmering if it doesn't set. Season it further, if necessary. When ready, strain it through several thicknesses of muslin into a narrow jug and leave it long enough to allow any fat to rise. Chicken fat is difficult to remove, even when the stock is stone cold, but the stock itself can be drawn off, free of fat, by means of one of those glass or nylon "basters" obtainable for a few shillings from any hardware department.

Add enough stock to make a layer in the dish, but not enough to float the peas. Slip the dish into the refrigerator to set the aspic. Repeat until the chicken and its garnish are almost covered. Decorate with *flowers* of tomato skin (with some flesh adhering) and *leaves* of tarragon or parsley, all dipped in stock. Trickle enough stock over it to cover everything. Put the dish in a plastic bag and place it in the refrigerator so that the surface retains its gloss.

## CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

### PERSONAL

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN JACKETS are luxuriously warm, light in weight and elegantly styled. Suede side colours are tan, brown, oyster, grey, bright and dark red, blue and green. Fur side white, brown or mottled. Women's from 12 gns. Men's 15 gns. Children's 7 gns. Money back guarantee. We sell direct from the Factory. Particulars and sheepskin samples (which can be used as powder puffs) sent on request. Excellent dry-cleaning and refinishing service—1 gn. SHEEPSKIN MITTS and TRAVEL SLIPPERS from 17/6. DONALD MACDONALD (ANTARTEX) LTD., Dept. T, Loch Lomond, Renton, Dumbarton, Scotland. Suppliers of Sheepskins to the Commonwealth Antarctic Expedition.

SWIM IN CRYSTAL clear water in your GILLIAM built pool by installing the new Swimmaster Filter. GILLIAM, The Swimming Pool Specialists, Croydon, Surrey.

NARROW FEET are normal at Elliotts for whom I. Miller, Rayne, Physical Culture and Ballet design narrow fitting fashion shoes. AAA, AA, always in stock to size 12. Now at 48 Brompton Road, opposite Harrods. Also specialist shop, 112 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

SHARE-A-FLAT LTD., 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD. 2545. The right flat or the right person.

£15 to £150 paid for Antique revolvers, etc., marked "COLT", £30 to £120 paid for old pairs of pistols, especially if silver mounted. Terrific prices paid for all suitable Antique Firearms, etc. John Kesterton, Gunsmiths, Townsend St., Cheltenham, Glos. Phone 5882.

A SLIPPERY FLOOR is a social crime. FURMOTO Non-Slip Floor Polish gives brilliant polish without risk. From Ironmongers, Grocers, Timothy Whites, etc. or write to FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO. LTD. 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

### PERSONAL

THIS WILL INTEREST EVERY WOMAN. Depressed? Anxious?—It's a common complaint in these hectic days, Gertrude Hartley tells me. But there is no need to despair, because I know she has the remedy. It is her famous Vitacel Youth Masque which not only restores youthful appearance, but calmness of the mind, which is an essential aid to beauty. Gertrude Hartley's scientific method of testing the skin is, without question, the most important of all beauty treatments. Do take my word that a single trial will convince you how necessary it is as a first step to beauty care. Make an appointment now—you will find her most helpful about these treatments, and also about her preparations for Red Veins, and Brown Patches, which after many years of research she has perfected, they have proved most effective. Write for her interesting booklet, to 46 Dover Street, London, W.1, or telephone Mayfair 5046.

BINOCULARS Ex. Govt. £20 value for £7 15s. Perfect. 14 days' free trial. CHARLES FRANK LTD., Saltmarket, Glasgow. Phone BELL 2106.

INVISIBLE MENDING. Burns, tears, moth damage. Also knitwear and all repairs. QUICKSTITCH LTD. (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

TRAVELLING RUGS. If you want the best—we have them! Cumberland pure wool Rugs £4/5/0. Manx pure wool Rugs £3/9/6. Tartan Rugs (lightweight) £2/10/0. Knee Rugs £1/18/6. Handwoven Wool Ties, 3 for 25/- Post free. Redmayne, 18 Wigton, Cumberland.

OIL PAINTINGS wanted of all periods. Single pictures or collections.—COULTER GALLERIES, 33 Ainstay Avenue, York. Phone 66537.

ADVANCES. £50 to £10,000. No security. REGIONAL TRUST Ltd., 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W.1. REG. 5983/2914.

### PERSONAL

A GOOD PLACE TO GO for the really good cameras now available. NEW: Leica, Zeiss, Rollei, etc. Booklet free. Wallace Heaton Ltd., The Camera Specialists, 127 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

### PRIVATE LOANS

Without security from £10 to £500

N. RAYMAN LTD.

(Fnd. 1920)

453 RICHMOND ROAD  
EAST TWICKENHAM

Open Sat. till 5 p.m.

POP. 6666

SELLING JEWELLERY? Hayes, the famous Hutton Garden Jeweller, offers you the following record prices: £5-£2,500 for One-, Two-, Three- or Five-Stone Diamond Rings; £10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases; £10-£100, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays; £20-£500, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings; £5-£55, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains; £3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies. Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, and Ear-rings, etc. Valuations by Qualified Expert (Fellow Gemmological Association). If you cannot call personally send your parcel by registered post. It will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate cash offer with no obligation to sell. M. Hayes & Sons Ltd., Diamond House, 37 Hutton Garden, London, E.C.1, HOLborn 8177.

SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE from 30/-. Wide choice of patterns from A. L. GARSTANG LTD., 2 Corporation Street, Blackburn.

ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE, is recognised as the finest training centre for Beauty, Beauty Therapy. Cosmetic Chemistry Private lessons are given in selected subjects. Parts. Gertrude Hartley, 46 Dover St., W.1. MAY 5046.

ANNE GERRARD has model clothes at modest prices—27 Bruton Street, W.1. MAYfair 2500.

CONTACT LENS PRACTITIONER. Mr. BERNARD DONNER, F.S.M.C., D.Opt., F.A.C.L.P., 29 Welbeck Street, London, W.1. Write for information.

### PERSONAL

£50 to £5,000. WITHOUT SECURITY. H. PASSMORE LTD., ESTABLISHED 1902. 23 HAYMARKET, S.W.1. Whitehall 6682.

AT LAST a Domestic Relief Service who will take over your home and families when you are on holiday or during illness, etc., for a few days or weeks. ROOKERY, Kelsale, Saxmundham 2261.

DIET: An extensive range of special food products for those who wish to watch their diet is stocked by JOHN BELL & CRODEN at their Dietary counter at Wigmore Street, W.1. WELbeck 5555. Leaflets on request.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS and a warm home. Nu-way oil-firing the cheapest form of automatic heat means a comfortable temperature always. No more shovelling, dirt or dust. Send for illustrated leaflet. Nu-way Heating Plants Ltd. (Box B167), Droitwich.

"HOW TO FIND US" maps prepared. A. Fyfe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth: 25226.

### "Which?"

helps you to get value for money by reporting factually on the goods you may wish to buy. "Which?" is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Room F, 333 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

ANY AMBITIONS to own a good ROLLS/BENTLEY? Why not ask James Taylor Automobiles Ltd., Bentley House, Findon Road, Worthing, Sussex, to send you particulars of a really magnificent ROLLS/BENTLEY at under £2,000. Tel. No.: Findon 3022/3.

ROOM AT THE TOP is found only for the best. Confidentially, there has been created from exclusive tweeds the aristocrat of country jackets—"The Rutland." It will, nevertheless, cost you only about 10½ guineas and is to be found at most good class shops. SHANNON OF WALSALL.

ADVANCES £50 upwards—without security. PERCY G. COLEMAN, 69 Harpur Street, BEDFORD. Tel.: Bedford 68101.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



## CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

### PERSONAL

**SUEDE CLEANING.** Unique new process—suede coats, jackets, shoes, handbags, etc., cleaned and restored. Smooth leather garments also a speciality. Particulars to Suedecraft (Liverpool) Ltd. Hawthorne Road, Bootle, Lancs, 20. Phone Bootle 3924.

**1959 AUSTER AIRCRAFT AVAILABLE** for private charter from 1/3d. per mile and fitted all equipment. Available with or without pilot. Auster Alpine with similar equipment also available. Grantchester Garage Limited, Grantchester, Cambridge. Telephone Trumpington 3132.

**ELEGANT HOMES DESERVE LAMPS AND SHADES BY NITA MILLER,** 63a Grosvenor Street, W.1. MAYfair 0951.

**LONDON WEDDINGS BEAUTIFULLY RECORDED** by Paul Addinsell, 13 Pond Road, Blackheath. Telephone LEE GREEN 2730.

**UP TO 8½% INTEREST** available by investing with the Finance & Mortgage Group Limited, Finance House, 86 Queensway, London, W.2. Please write for free brochure. (Tax not deducted on 6 months term accounts.)

**YOUR DAUGHTER** would enjoy finding her job through **STELLA FISHER BUREAU** in the STRAND.

**STAMMERING:** Entirely new therapy effects cure 15/20 days. Fees only accepted on basis of cure. WM. C. KERR, M.A., Speech Specialist, St. Ouen, Jersey. (Tel. Western 678).

**7½% per annum** paid on deposits of £25 upwards. "No Tax Deducted" facilities **WESTMINSTER CREDIT FINANCE LTD.**, 62, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2. MON. 7684.

**MIGRAINE?** Lasting relief has been found. Recommended by a retired London Vicar. Write Box No. 651.

**CONSULT MARTELLS** for all OVERSEAS REMOVALS, complete homes or Settler's effects. Estimates free. VIGilant 9551.

### "By the Breath of Bacchus!" T. A. Layton sells good Wine"

Write for lists or call at my Vintners' Wine Bar, 2a Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.1. Tel: WELbeck 8808.

**BUSINESS ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS** Haymarket. Reception, Telephone. Box No. 662.

**HIRE A REFRIGERATOR** for Home or Flat, latest models, all sizes, short or long periods. REFRIGERATOR RENTALS, TER. 9794.

**ENCORE** of 35 BEAUCHAMP PLACE (near Harrods) are pleased to announce the purchase, for the coming Autumn, of 28 model suits and coats from a well-known Paris couturier. Tel.: KNightsbridge 0800.

**THE KEYSER ANTIQUE GALLERIES** Piccadilly Arcade, W.1.

Sell & buy beautiful furniture, Meissen & Chelsea Porcelain Birds, Figures & Groups.

**SCALP AND HAIR DISORDERS.** Consultations and Treatment. Edward Goodman. Member Institute of Trichologists. 79 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 6809.

**TOM HUSTLER** has pleasure in announcing the introduction of a new colour photography service for weddings. Full coverage and an album of 18 colour prints for 100 guineas. Dorothy Wilding Studios, Bourdon Street, W.1. MAYfair 9921.

**GOUT, RHEUMATICS AND AILMENTS** of excess uric acid relieved by American Alfalfa Seed Tea. Price 15/- per lb. tin, post free, from Virginia Nature Food Co., 226 Westminster Road, Liverpool, 4.

**DECORATING.** Houses, flats, rooms, office or shop. L. P. Wooster, 11 Hume Road, W.11.

**QUIET CHRISTIAN PEOPLE** urgently require studio, small hall or chapel preferably with living accommodation to rent or lease in W. London area. Box No. 663.

**MAKING THE MOST OF YOURSELF...** Evening Courses in Personal Development are being held at Method International Training Centre. Further details available from **METHOD INTERNATIONAL**, 69 Pavilion Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. BELeravia 3322.

(Continued from previous page)

### HOTELS

#### GRAND HOROSCOPE!

Any Month  
No matter what star you were born under, you will find under our A.A. and R.A.C. stars that the tide turns twice daily in your favour. The sun will shine and impart a healthy tan. Money affairs will be excellent, as Squash, Tennis, Golf and other pleasurable pursuits will be found to be entirely free. Forget business and relax. Eat and drink freely. Our staff are waiting to help you. Give them a chance.

### THE GRAND TORQUAY

Always a good address  
Telephone 25234  
Your enquiry will have the personal interest of our General Manager.

**TADWORTH HOTEL**, in beautiful Surrey for comfort, excellent food and wine; attractive licensed club bar. Near golf, riding, swimming. Only 18 miles London. A.A., R.A.C. Tadworth 3030.

**COTSWOLDS**,—"Lake House," Bishops-cleeve, Cheltenham. Charming surroundings, excellent cuisine. H. & C. TV. Fishing. Reasonable terms. Brochure.

The all-year-round holiday hotel. Facing south and the sea.

#### CARLYON BAY HOTEL

NEAR ST. AUSTELL, CORNWALL  
Own 18-hole golf course. Tennis, Swimming, Fishing, Dancing, Brochure. Tel. PAR 2304

**MIDHURST DISTRICT.** You would enjoy holidays in this picturesque countryside with good food and every comfort at Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, near Petersfield. A.A., R.A.C.—Rogate 93.

**HINDHEAD—THE MANOR HOTEL.** A hotel to be remembered for comfort and good food; central heating throughout; beautiful grounds. Telephone 31.

**CASTLE KEEP HOTEL**, Kingsgate Castle, Broadstairs. Magnificent position. Adjoining Sea, Golf & Golden Sands. Excellent Cellar & Cuisine. Private Bathrooms. Ideal Family Resort. Thanet 62453.

**BOURNEMOUTH.** Woodcroft Tower Hotel, East Cliff. Phone 28202. Television, Ballroom, Billiards, Games Room, near sea. Terms 13 gns. July/September.

#### LAKE DISTRICT

**KESWICK 4 MILES. SWAN HOTEL.** A.A. R.A.C. Tel.: Braithwaite 256. Brochure. Fully licensed.

#### A holiday paradise!

—and great golf, too...

Here's a really exciting and unusual holiday for golfers. All the thrills and glamour of Morocco, in luxurious, superbly comfortable surroundings. PLUS ALL THE FACILITIES OF AN INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE AND CLUB HOUSE WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Yes, all this is offered to you at the

### HOTEL MIRAMAR

Morocco's finest hotel, situated on the Atlantic coast at Fedala, with five miles of wonderful sandy beach, yachting, riding, swimming, dancing, exquisite cuisine.

Within 20 minutes easy motoring distance of Casablanca.

Adjoining the hotel is the fabulous "EL MINZEH," a Moroccan restaurant where traditional dishes are served in age-old custom.

Ask your travel agent or write to **JEAN LAMBERT** at HOTEL MIRAMAR **MOHAMMEDIA (ex FEDALA) MOROCCO**

### DRESSMAKING

**MARYTHE LTD.**, 17 Dover Street, W.1. (HYDe Park 1361). Second floor. High class Dressmakers, will copy their exclusive French models at reasonable prices and make up your own materials, expert French fitters, and from now on are showing a very select collection of Ready-to-Wear Dresses.

**DESIGNER-DRESSMAKER** makes up client's materials. Gelwyn Couture, 249A, West End Lane, N.W.6. HAMpstead 8250.

### DRESS AGENCIES

**PHYLLIS KAY**, 35A Thayer St., W.1. Buys and sells gowns, suits, etc., from well-known model houses and haute couture. Hunter 2638.

**VISIT "ENCORE,"** 35 Beauchamp Place, near Harrods. For chic dressing at budget prices. Model clothes also accepted for sale.

**VOGUE, BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS**, purchase model day gowns, suits, coats, hats, lingerie. Parcels by post for offer—59, Kensington Church Street, W.8. WES 3291.

### LADIES HEAD SCARVES

**LADIES HEAD SCARVES** of London, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Cambridge, painted on pure silk. 54/- Kenwin Studio, Lt. Shelford, Cambs.

### SOCIAL RECORDING SERVICE

**LONDON WEDDINGS**, (Christenings) inconspicuously recorded on unbreakable LP. "Most precious souvenir." **SOUND NEWS**, REG. 2745. (Free press photo service.)

### PROPERTY FOR SALE

**HENLEY.** Now being erected in own grounds. Unrepeatable situation adjoining historic Phyllis Court, adjacent River and all amenities. Charming superior Georgian style flats, complete with all refinements, including electric underfloor heating, luxury bathrooms, shower rooms and fully equipped kitchens (refrigerator etc.). 2/3 beds, delightful feature lounge. Ideal retired business man or City executives. From £7,120 inc. garage. 99 yrs. lease. G.R. £22.2.0d. p.a. Apply Sales Office **DAVIS ESTATES LTD.**, Marlow Rd., Henley. (Open daily, incl. Sunday, closed Tuesday.)

### MATERNITY

**TO THE LADY-IN-WAITING.** Why tire yourself by fruitless wandering? Du Barry have the very thing for all occasions at moderate prices. Call and see their extensive collection at 68 Duke Street, Oxford Street (Opp. Selfridges), London, W.1. Or write for loan of Brochure. MAY 0118/3865.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**TOMMY KINSMAN** Orchestras: 37 Westbourne Terrace, W.2. 8 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Tel.: PADdington 8310, AMBassador 6822, KNightsbridge 5453.

**CABARET AND PERSONALITIES** for your function; also representing the Johnny Howard Orchestra: **UNIVERSAL ENTERTAINMENTS**, 1,000, London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey. ADD. 8237.

**CAM ROBBIE ORCHESTRAS**, Scotland; Write—Cuil Bân, Cammo Road, Barnton, Edinburgh, 4. Telephone—Davidson's Mains 76063.

**ERIC WAKEFIELD** and his Band. Now booking 1960 Debutante and Private Parties. 16 Ashley Drive, Deer Park, Penn, Buckinghamshire. Telephone High Wycombe 2588 (Day) Penn 3398 (Night) or Keith Prowse (HYD. 6000).

**DANCE BANDS?** Ring High Wycombe 794 and talk to Michael Moss (Hampton Hotels)—it's a natural!

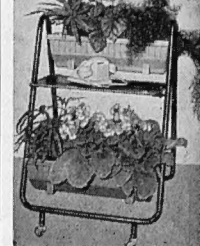
**FOR YOUR 1960 Dance, Party, etc.**, book only the best—BANDS 4-8 piece, Film, Radio appearances. LIBerty 1528.

### LITERARY

**WRITE FOR PROFIT.** Send today for interesting free booklet.—The Regent Institute (Dept. 197A), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

### GARDENING

#### THE MOBILE GARDEN (RIVIERA)



Needs watering only once every three weeks

Add charm and beauty to your home by installing the latest in home decor.

For Brochure and Price, write:—**CORBIERE A.R.M. CO. (SHAW) LTD.** LINNEY LANE, SHAW, LANCS. (Holders of exclusive rights in England)

### RESTAURANTS

**LOTUS HOUSE**, 61-69 Edgware Road, W.2 (AMB 4109/4341). London's latest Chinese Restaurant. Open noon to 2 a.m. inc. Sundays. Fully licensed. Music and Dancing.

**LE P'TIT MONTMARTRE**, Marylebone Lane, Wigmore Street, W.1, for SUPERLATIVE FOOD and EXQUISITE WINES at REASONABLE PRICES. Paris Decor. "Jeannot" and his Guitar to Midnight. You MUST try "Vincent's" Spécialités Flambees. Supper after the Show? Order by 11.30. LICENSED TO MIDNIGHT. OPEN SUNDAY EVENINGS. Good parking facilities. RETENEZ LA TABLE!!! WELbeck 2992.

### BEAUTY

**THIS WILL INTEREST EVERY WOMAN.** Depressed? Anxious?—It's a common complaint in these hectic days, Gertrude Hartley tells me. But there is no need to despair, because I know she has the remedy. It is her famous Vitacel Youth Masque which not only restores youthful appearance, but calmness of the mind, which is an essential aid to beauty. Gertrude Hartley's scientific method of testing the skin is, without question, the most important of all beauty treatments. Do take my word that a single trial will convince you how necessary it is as a first step to beauty care. Make an appointment now—you will find her most helpful about these treatments, and also about her preparations for Red Veins, and Brown Patches, which, after many years of research she has perfected, they have proved most effective. Write for her interesting booklet, to 46 Dover Street, London, W.1 or telephone MAYfair 5046.

**KISBY DRY SHAMPOO POWDER** in the Polythene tube. Simply brush it in—and out—in ten minutes! Four shampoo tube 2/9 20 shampoo tube 6/8 from Stores—Chemists, or direct from Roberts Chemists (Bond Street) Ltd., 76 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 4173.

**MADEMOISELLE MICHELLE LUGEON**, D.R.E. qualified practitioner removes superfluous hair and gives personal attention for all skin blemishes. Latest Parisian methods. Write or telephone now for free consultation. KNI. 0468—3 MALVERN COURT, S.W.7.

#### A PERSONAL SERVICE

Maria Burne-Jones

**NATURAL BEAUTY RESEARCH SPECIALISATION** for the CONNOISSEUR  
HOMOGENISED FLOWER OILS AND FRUIT JUICES  
INTO CREAMS, LOTIONS, SOAPS, ETC.

Beauty Brochure: **Burne-Jones & Pillai**  
PAGES DOWN, BARHAM, CANTERBURY



### CORSETIERS

**RIGBY & PELLER**, 12 South Molton Street, W.1. MAYfair 6708

By Appointment to H.M. The Queen  
Corsetières  
Exclusively designed Beachwear and Swim suits made to measure.

### FURS

**ATTRACTIVE** Wild Canadian Mink Coat £325, and Dark Mink Stole £95, as new. Box No. 637.

**SELLING YOUR FUR COAT?** Then bring or send it for a fair cash offer. Inquiries invited.—D. Curwen, Dept. T, 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1 (established 40 years).

**FURRIER.** West End Workroom can undertake skilful alterations and remodelling. Fur coats, stoles and trimmings in stock. Also made to order to own design. Estimates free. Part exchange. Modern Furs Ltd., 61 Berners Street, London, W.1. MUS. 4954.

**NOBLE FURS** of 183 Regent Street offer Great Variety of fine furs in every price range. New or Secondhand. Generous Part Exchanges, easy terms. Personal Attention of Henry Noble, REGent 6394. (Opposite Lafayette).

### FUR HIRE

**HIRE—BE GLAMORIZED IN MINK**, an elegant fur from a wonderful selection, including all the Mutation colours, no deposit, brochure sent on request. Furs hired for use at home & abroad. Overseas visitors can enjoy our hire service on special terms for long periods. Completely confidential service. **TWENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS LTD.**, 10, PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 2711.

**CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY:** This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade: or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, August 24, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © 1960 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



## CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

### PRIVATE PARTY CATERING

#### BANQUETS OF OXFORD LTD.

Cater for more Country Society Weddings than any other firm.

Exquisite china, silverplate and linen

Delicious food from expert Chefs

Menus from:

2 Ship St., Oxford. Tel: 47421 (6 lines)

Functions of all kinds anywhere in U.K.

**HALL & ROBERTS.** Private party caterers and ball furnishers. 22 Leicester Square, W.C.2. Tel.: WHI 0453.

**COOK AND BUTLER.**—May we help you? Luncheons, cocktail parties, dinners, Smorgasbord buffets for dances, weddings. Town or country. 20 Southfield Gardens, Twickenham. POPOsgrove 9714 or RICHmond 3774.

**COCKTAIL PARTIES.** Dances, Dinners, Weddings, consult Catering Arrangements Ltd., 168 Regent Street, W.1. REGent 3526.

Flawless Service is provided by the  
**PRIVATE CATERING SERVICE OF  
J. LYONS & COMPANY LIMITED**  
Telephone RIVerside 2040 or write to  
CADBURY HALL, London, W.14, when  
we will supply all the information  
you require.

### HAIRDRESSERS

**ANDRE ET JULES PRESENT "JULES"** who studied as a sculptor and feels it his right to style Madame's coiffure to suit the contours of her face. Permanent Wave £4.4.0. inclusive. Appointments taken till 5.30 p.m. Friday night, late night 6.30 p.m. We would also like to remind you that we still do the ten guineas annual permanent wave contract—no restrictions to the amount of permanent waving. 106 Brompton Road, (facing Harrods), Phone KNightsbridge 1449 or KENSington 9181. Also 64 Quarry Street, Guildford 42.

**XAVIER GIBB** of Glasgow are still the leading Hairdressing in Scotland. Specialists in Styling, Coloring and Colour Rinsing have recently visited the famous Salons of Paris and look forward to creating something exclusively for you which will be excitingly different. 7 Woodside Crescent, Glasgow, C.3. Douglas 4904 or 0045.

**HAIR SHAPING?** Hair colour? John Henry, Europe's most distinguished hair artists.—9 Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.1. WHI. 5970/7484 and at 9 Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1. HUNTER 2029.

**BRIGHTON.** Mayfair Hairdresser Emanuel wishes his clients to know that he is now in Brighton with a complete Mayfair Salon. Would love to see old clients—and new ones too. Emanuel Coiffure Ltd., 154/5/6 Western Road, Brighton. Telephone 28333 and 28334.

**3 C's FOR LOVELY HAIR.** Perfect cutting, immaculate curling and beautiful colouring, ensure perfect hair styling. Henry Da Costa, 109 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 6843.

### DOGS

**IS YOUR DOG SAFE?** Dogs get run over, cause accidents, get lost, die prematurely from poison, disease, etc. All these and other hazards can be covered at reasonable cost by **CANINE INSURANCE.** Full cover includes veterinary fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity. Write for full details. Canine Insurance Assn. 90 Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3 (estb. over a quarter of a century).

**PYRENEAN PUPPIES** for sale, all bred from champion stock, most devoted companion and guard—export by sea and air to all countries. Write or visit the kennels by appointment, advice will be given from 27 years experience with the breed. de Fontenay, Amersham, Nr. Little Missenden, Bucks. Tel: Chesham 8564.

**CHIHUAHUAS.** Always a choice selection, hardy, inoculated. Top-bred winning stock. MASON, 35 Dowlands Road, Bookham (3315), Sy.

### LIVESTOCK

**APPLY KITSON, FREER MINK FARM, FOSTERDOWN, GODSTONE, SURREY,** on A.22, 2,000 top quality mink. Beginners instruction. Tel. Caterham 3915.

(Continued from previous page)

### EDUCATIONAL

#### FREE EXPERT ADVICE

on the choice of

#### SCHOOLS and TUTORS

Domestic Science, Secretarial, Finishing Schools, etc. is obtainable from

#### GABBITAS & THRING LTD.

Educational Consultants. Established 1873  
Broughton House, 6, 7, 8, Sackville Street,  
Piccadilly, London, W.1. (REGent 0161)

**ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE** RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS. Year's Basic Secretarial Training. Shorter courses for university women. English courses for foreign students. These courses start 1st September and 4th October, 1960. Also two-year combined Finishing and Secretarial Course and two-year Secretary-Linguist Course starting 4th October, 1960. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), the Principal, St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.3. Hampstead 9831.

**BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS** and SEASIDE HOLIDAYS without PARENTS' Guardianship Service for parents abroad. Telephone Selsey 2774 (day or night) or write the Broombank Group, Selsey, Chichester, Sussex, for prospectus—free to parents. Individual preparations for Common Entrance and G.C.E. Examinations.

**THE MIDDLESEX HIGHER SECRETARIAL COLLEGE** provides a first class complete secretarial training for girls of good general education. Subjects from which courses are arranged include Pitman's Shorthand, Type-writing, Principles of Accounts and Secretarial Practice. Entry after Easter, Mid-summer and Christmas or by arrangement. Register of nearby living accommodation available. A. K. Harris, Educational Director, 402/8 High Road, Wembley, Middlesex. Tel.: Wembley 3535.

#### BEAUTY FARM SCHOOL OF BEAUTY & PHYSICAL CULTURE

The theoretical and practical teaching of Modern Beauty Therapy, French, Viennese and Swedish Massages, Heat Baths, Physical Culture, Diets, Cosmetology. The combination and balancing of these treatments into the concentrated and progressive methods as prescribed at Beauty Farm. Write for prospectus to Pelham Lodge, Great North Road, Knebworth, Herts., England.

#### EDUCATIONAL CONSULTANTS LTD.,

7, Sedley Place, Oxford Street, W.1.  
MAYfair 3747.

#### ADVICE

ON GENERAL EDUCATIONAL  
PROBLEMS AT MODERATE FEES.

**LANGHAM SECRETARIAL COLLEGE** prepares girls of G.C.E. Standard for interesting posts. Usual subjects including languages. Standard and I.B.M. electric typewriters. Good hostel accommodation. New courses September. Prospectus from Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.

**ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE,** is recognised as the finest training centre for Beauty, Beauty Therapy, Cosmetic Chemistry. Private lessons are given in selected subjects. Parts. Gertrude Hartley, 46 Dover St., W.1. MAY 5046.

**TANTE MARIE SCHOOL OF COOKERY,** Woking 4050. Principal: Iris Syrett. One year's Cordon Bleu/Arts Menagers' Diploma Course and Three Months' Cuisine Courses for Girls at Unique Attractive School. Refresher Courses in French Cookery and Patisserie.

### HAND LAUNDRIES

**YOUR PERSONAL WORK** and household linen beautifully handlaundered by The White Elephant Laundry of Old Town, S.W.4. Call MACaulay 1202 for details.

### SELF DRIVE HIRES

**"U-DRIVE" HIRE SERVICE.** We operate the most up-to-date service in Scotland with 1960 models. We quote the keenest terms. No mileage charge. Delivery free by arrangement. Duff, Central Garage, Crieff. Phone 18.

**GUY DUNCAN** of 33 Kinnerton Street, S.W.1, offers you Morris Minors, Austin A40s and A55s at Unlimited Mileage Rates. Also Morris Minors and A40s for only £6/10/- per week plus mileage charge. Special business hire rates from Monday to Friday on application. All these prices include comprehensive insurance. Book a car for your holiday, we can assist you with your travel arrangements. Telephone BEL. 3468/3022.

### TRAVEL

**MENTON,** Hotel de Venice, Central, select. Beautiful garden, Menton's best appointed Hotel: 170 rooms, 120 bathrooms.—A. SOMAZZI.

**PESARO. GRAND HOTEL CRUISER.** First-class, on sea front, all rooms with bath or shower. Full pension from 3,000-4,200 Lit. daily, all inclusive. Daily flights to Adriatic Coast.

### MOTOR CARS

#### James-Taylor Automobiles Ltd.

The Rolls Royce and Bentley Specialists have a stock of wonderful Rolls Royce and Bentley cars for sale including:

1953 (late) Bentley R Type, Big Bore, big boot. In Royal Blue/Black and Blue upholstery. This car is at present in our works, undergoing complete engine, etc., overhaul; which is our practice for all cars before being offered to the public. We expect completion in 8/10 days. £1,785.

Bentley House, Findon Road, Worthing, Sussex  
Tel. No.: Findon 3022/3

#### ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE

As specialists we have the finest selection of **ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY** 234 sports saloons and the larger 346 touring saloons in the whole of the country. Each car has been thoroughly examined and brought up to the highest possible standards by our own trained staff. This entails not only a thorough mechanical inspection, but also a complete coachwork renovation virtually up to new car standards, and every Sapphire is complete to the last detail of the maker's original specification. Our Sapphires are expensive, but your examination together with a trial run will convince you that they represent far superior value than any mass-produced car in the same price range. Our specialized staff are at your service, and will gladly give a demonstration in any part of the country. If you require a distinctive and individual car in absolutely first-class condition, write to, or telephone, The Sales Manager, Hamtun Motors, Ltd., Park Garage, Wellingborough Rd., Northampton. Phone 32093.

#### James-Taylor Automobiles Ltd.

The Rolls Royce and Bentley Specialists have a stock of wonderful Rolls Royce and Bentley cars for sale including:

1957 Bentley S. Type. Fitted power assisted steering. Perfect order throughout. One owner. Full maker's history. £4,150.

G. B. Chapman, General Manager

Bentley House, Findon Road, Worthing, Sussex  
Tel. No.: Findon 3022/3

### EXHIBITIONS

**BRIGHTON. ROYAL PAVILION.** Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

#### UNIQUE INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY



Here's a wonderful opportunity to invest in British livestock, which will appeal both to large and small investors looking for high return coupled with safety of investment.

Efficient farming methods and favourable marketing, allied to certain guarantees, together ensure a yield well above the average.

For full details of this unique opportunity please write to:

**SOUTHERN LIVESTOCK  
PRODUCERS LTD. (T)**  
18 HOWICK PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

### SHOE REPAIRS

A REALLY exclusive repair to those fashion shoes is obtainable at Gallops (Dept. T), 20 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. KNI. 0769. Specialists for Raynes, I. Miller, Bally, Ferragamo, Holmes Footwear. Est. 1906.

# KYNOCH

## CLOTHS

**KEITH SCOTLAND**  
9 STRATTON ST LONDON W.1

### SITUATIONS WANTED

**AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY.** Excellent selection Domestic Staff: Cook—generals Cook-housekeepers, Mother's Helps, Married Couples, Gardeners, etc.; also Children's Nannies and Governesses for positions throughout England. Under distinguished patronage. Immediate attention assured.—Slough Employment Agency, 30/32 William Street, Slough. Tel.: 24141 (4 lines). Established 12 years. (Hotel staff also supplied throughout England.)

### SITUATIONS VACANT

**MARRIED COUPLE REQUIRED** to take sole charge of small country house, Lincolnshire; gardeners and other help kept. Own furnished flat. Three only in family, occasional business guests. Apply Box No. 664, stating full particulars, age, experience, references, salary, etc.

### FURNISHED PROPERTIES TO LET

**SANDBANKS.**—Nr. Bournemouth. Choice selection of comfortably furnished properties to let from end of Sept. for 3/6 months. Modern conveniences. Close shops and buses from 4/8 guineas weekly.

**RUMSEY & RUMSEY,**  
SANDBANKS, BOURNEMOUTH  
Tel. Canford Cliffs 77357.

### TIMBER

Good Quality Logs of Sycamore, Oak and Walnut  
Required. Top Prices Paid.  
Inspection and Valuation without Obligation.  
**W. I. BRINE & SONS (EDINBURGH) LTD.**  
44 QUEEN ST., EDINBURGH, 2. Tel: CAledonian 7612/3

### TAILORING

**HIGHLAND OUTFITS.** Day and evening wear, all accessories. Kilts (Ladies', Gents', Children's), Kilt Jackets, Sporrans, Skean-Dhus, etc. **TARTAN SKIRTS.** Special Export department. Write **JOHN MORRISON,** DEPT. T. T. 461 Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.

### LONDON'S NEWEST "ROOM" THE CHICHESTER ROOM

Dolphin Square, S.W.1

Ideal for small Receptions  
Sales Conferences • Business Meetings  
(Approx. 30 persons)  
Cocktail Parties

Complete the Occasion — LUNCH and DINE  
at the Distinguished  
**BLUE POOL RESTAURANT**  
Adequate Parking

Apply Management  
**Dolphin Square Ltd., London, S.W.1**

Classified Advertisements  
in THE TATLER  
gain access to  
the most  
deserving audience  
in Britain—and  
economically, too!





DELIGHT IN THE TOUCH OF  
THE YOUNG DAY'S FRESHNESS  
YARDLEY ENGLISH LAVENDER

*Yardley Lavender, Spray Mist, Lavender Soap, Bath Salts, Talc, Dusting Powder*